The Commonweal

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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MOBILIZATION FOR CHAOS

SURVEYING the dismal international scene, we are of the opinion that the powers are only one step removed from a major conflict. There is no immediate likelihood of war, for international relations are still, so far as anyone is aware, in a fluid state. But once a definite pattern is achieved, once decisive alignments are made, once the powers reach positive decisions regarding foreign policy, war on a vast scale will then be only a question of weeks and months.

The contrast between the fierce determination to increase armament at whatever cost and the uncertainties manifest in many foreign offices is most marked. Nations are preparing to fight, but the allies and antagonists in each particular instance have not yet been completely determined.

Great Britain has taken the lead in the armament race. The defenses of Singapore have been strengthened. Anti-British propaganda in Palestine is being effectively checkmated. The feeling in London today is that an Anglo-Irish treaty is almost inevitable. It is clear that in facing the possibility of war, Britain must be certain of Irish friendship. From the point of view of supplies it is desirable. From a military point of view it is essential. In the opinion of competent observers, it is also regarded as possible that, in fostering the conversations with Mr. De Valera, Britain has in mind the placating of Irish-American feeling—a point which may be of some importance in the present state of international affairs.

British foreign policy, however, is still shrouded in mystery. Before the outbreak of war, the final answer must be given to current Anglo-German and Anglo-Italian negotiations. Again, Britain has not yet made up her mind about Russia. The Soviets are making desperate attempts to convince the world that Russia must be listed among the democracies—but the lie, despite the recent opera bouffe elections, will not down. Finally, the

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United States has yet to be persuaded, so far as we know, to adopt a parallel course of action in dealing with other nations. Americans may fight in defense of democracy—genuine democracy—but they are by no means eager to fight in defense of Britain's enormous empire.

France has three battleships already under construction and two projected for the immediate future. French defense services have been united under Edouard Daladier and General Marie Gustave Gamelin. But France is trying very hard to win back the exclusive allegiance of the Little Entente. There will be no war until this issue is decided one way or another, until France achieves a real diplomatic victory or admits defeat in this important venture. Foreign policy, in ever-increasing degree, is being dictated from Downing Street.

Chancellor Hitler's reorganization moves are properly regarded as a successful attempt to consolidate all the Third Reich's political and military power in his own hands and to put the entire nation, from the point of view of economic and foreign services, on a military basis. While it may be argued that both General Wilhelm Keitel, new head of the Supreme Command of the Armed Forces, and Colonel General Walther von Brauchitsch, new commander-in-chief of the army, are officers of the old Prussian cadet school and hence opposed to any party interference in army affairs, we may assume that they are less hostile in this regard than either former Field Marshal Werner von Blomberg and former Colonel General Werner von Fritsch. Hitler must of necessity select his top-ranking generals from members of the old Prussian school. There are no others. But he certainly did not suggest the retirement of Von Blomberg and Von Fritsch in favor of generals even more hostile than they to Nazi ideology and ambitions. We believe that Hitler achieved a notable victory over the army which we have always considered, to borrow a seventeenth-century phrase, as a state within a state. There may be some clarification of the Reich's foreign policy when Hitler delivers his long-awaited speech before the Reichstag on February 20.

Italy has already announced the largest construction program in her history. But we are particularly interested in Italy's efforts to mobilize public opinion in her favor before the outbreak of hostilities. During the last war, world opinion was so cleverly and expertly mobilized against Germany that of the twenty South American nations, seven remained neutral, five severed relations with Germany and eight eventually declared war against Germany and the Central Powers. Italy and Germany are determined that this blunder shall not be repeated. Italy, in concert with Germany, is today carrying on aggressive trade and political activities not only in Brazil but throughout most of South and Central America. The next war will not begin until Italy and Germany feel reasonably assured that the Central and South American and a good many other nations in Europe, Asia and Africa will at least maintain a neutral attitude or, better still, support their cause.

The United States, in obvious and direct relation to the proposed $800,000,000 naval-building program now before the House Naval Affairs Committee, has asked Japan whether she is building ships above the 1936 treaty limits. At that time the United States, Great Britain and France set a 35,000-ton limit to the size of their capital ships and limited guns to sixteen inches. Should the Japanese reply be regarded as unsatisfactory, "the American government would thereupon be obliged in consultation with other naval powers with which it is in treaty relations to resume full liberty of action."

Admiral William D. Leahy, chief of naval operations, told the House Naval Committee that our navy has no thought of obtaining assistance from any other nation or of giving assistance in the solution of the problems of any other nation. It has no foreign commitments.

While we greatly appreciate Admiral Leahy's candor, we are still more or less completely in the dark concerning our foreign policy. In view of the uncertainties abroad, it is possible that a clear statement of policy at this time would be very difficult. But certain major points of policy should certainly be explained without further delay. It appears that we will defend a line of approximately 10,000 miles extending from the Aleutian Islands to Hawaii to Samoa to Panama and up through the Caribbean to the Virgin Islands and thence to the coast of Maine. But what about the Philippines? Furthermore, Representative Vinson has announced that we must be prepared to enforce the Monroe Doctrine. Are we going to defend the 10,000-mile line, or are we going to defend the whole of Central and South America? It might also be well to emphasize the fact that some people are convinced, despite Admiral Leahy's disarming statements, that a big navy is called for in order to take summary action against "aggressor" nations and that, in particular, if American rights continue to be violated by the Japanese, the major part of our enlarged fleet will suddenly disappear one fine morning under forced draft for Tokyo. And who shall say that their surmise is incorrect?

The United States has apparently decided to follow the suicidal example of other nations in mobilizing for chaos. We do not expect an immediate major conflict in the world; but the powers are only one step removed from that disaster. Our people have a right to know America's attitude and position in international affairs. The broad outlines of our foreign policy should be immediately clarified.

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Week by Week

BY SIGNING the housing bill, President Roosevelt made it possible for a person wishing to build a home in the $6,000 class to advance only 10 percent of the purchase price. The government will insure mortgages for the remaining 90 percent. The minority filibuster against the anti-lynching bill, having been suspended to permit action on the housing bill, was again postponed to permit consideration of the highly important "ever-normal granary" farm bill which provides for the modified continuation of the soil-conservation program, commodity loans, marketing quotas on corn, wheat, cotton, tobacco and rice, crop insurance, and parity payments to farmers whenever enough funds are made available. A new wages and hours bill is being formulated by the House Labor Committee but an early report is not expected. Prompt investigation has revealed that the message of greeting to the Loyalist Parliament in Spain was not in the slightest degree spontaneous with the sixty congressmen who signed it, but apparently was promoted by outsiders sympathetic to Leftist Spain; that three senators already have retracted their signatures; that half of the signers did not mean by their signatures to favor the Barcelona government; that less than a third of the signers were willing definitely to say they meant their signatures to express sympathy with the Loyalist régime; and that some of the signers charged trickery was used to obtain their signatures. We agree with Senator Walsh that most of the congressional signers were probably entirely unaware of the hidden objective of the message, were unacquainted with the real political situation in Spain, and had no realization of the construction which would be put upon their action.

The Trend of Events

IN SPITE of their somewhat bizarre parliamentary conduct, the turbulent representatives of small businesses managed to prepare a comprehensible, if disillusioning, list of suggestions for the President. "What we need," said one of the representatives, "is a return to the days of McKinley." This is indeed the obvious desire of too many business men, big or little. It has, of course, a restricted meaning: the principal desire seems to be for social and governmental laissez-faire and low taxes. Since the days of Mark Hanna and McKinley, however, many things have happened, and not one of these happenings can be undone: the world has become more filled with people; more people know how to read and write; wars have been fought and new nations created; the technology of industry has transformed business, and machines have inundated the world; many fortunes have been made and the proportion of the propertyless augmented; the American continent has been mined of too many resources, and theories and ideas have changed and grown and spread. History, even if it shows no progress, cannot be reversed. The sixth of the twenty-three suggestions made by the "little business" men seems, although vague, to reach near the heart of their own and their "big business" colleagues' complaint: "We recognize that social reform is necessary as a part of progress but urge that it not be so rapid as to disrupt industry." The hard part is that industry is the central field of social reform. Industry is not the absolute around which variables are to reform or progress. What would social reform be without change in industry? People who too much love the old-fashioned individualistic system of political economy feel that change in it equals disruption. The rub is not the rapidity of reform, but the reluctance to have particular parts of business enterprise changed, or disrupted, at all, ever. Progress requires a kind of disruption.

Twenty-three Little Points

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND Detroit automobile workers, filling Cadillac Square in the heart of the city in a densely packed throng, protested against the layoffs and demanded adequate relief, a debt moratorium and reductions in rent. Homer Martin, president of the C.I.O. United Automobile Workers of America, asserted that "in this hour of distress, hunger and disaster, we want nothing but the right to live as American citizens. We have built these buildings and plants. We have made millions and billions of dollars for our bosses, and today we who have done this with our labor and our intelligence have the right to ask for a living wage, not a starvation wage." Having in a previous issue expressed our opinion of the General Motors wage scale, we desire to direct attention to a similar meeting held in London, Manchester and other industrial centers more than a hundred years ago, following the Napoleonic wars. The workers demanded employment, higher wages and cheaper food. Ever since the Industrial Revolution the workers have been demanding a living family wage—and have not, generally speaking, received it. They are still asking for justice. The Corporation of London told the Prince Regent, the future George IV, that "the distress and misery which for so many years has been progressively accumulating, has at length become insupportable." The Prince Regent snubbed the petitioners. Government today, however, is not hostile to the rights of labor; but it would appear that the conversion of many industrialists to the fundamental

Justice

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principles of social justice is no more probable now than in the early decades of the nineteenth century. We submit this tragic fact as a very potent argument in favor of the whole-hearted support of the free religious press. No matter how gloomy may be the present aspect of capital-labor relations, we are convinced that the vitally necessary work of Christian education must be carried forward with renewed zeal.

Union Troubles

FOR MANY months people have been trying to figure out and assess the differences between the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. These efforts have appeared to most unsatisfactory because the main point seems to remain the same with both: labor unionism for the sake of labor unionism; a desire for power and money to be used in dealing with employers and with the rest of the labor movement. There is some class division, perhaps, because the A.F.L. represents in general a more skilled and aristocratic section of labor, but the C.I.O. is not by definition more "radical" or less inclined to class collaboration with the bosses, as many residents particularly of Western cities can affirm. The split, consummated by the expulsion of three C.I.O. units from the Federation, does not, as far as it is possible to see, arise from ideological differences or separate social and economic objectives. It seems more a question of power, without reference to what the power would be used for. The only program American unions seem definitely to have: higher wages, shorter hours, better working conditions, more say in management, seems to be shared by both organizations. People fear more complete policies which unions might embrace, and not without reason, but as long as labor's program is so rudimentary, it will not have sufficient purpose to bring unity and social construction. And, unfortunately, sheer power appears to be as dividing an element as difference in social objective. Perhaps the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. should consider reasons why they should unite more intently than the causes of their separation.

Advance

ONE OF the happier duties of the commentator in the last ten years or so has been to deal with the rediscovery among the disaffected of sizable portions of Catholic moral teaching. Headlines like "Deity Has Personality, Noted Scientist Says," or "Moral Law Independent of Material, Declares Physicist," are not without their touch of unconscious humor. However, they represent, as far as their positive content is concerned, a drift which all Catholics must welcome from their hearts. Among them, none is more striking than the recurrent and ever-strengthening voice which, now on this basis and now on that, questions the moral feasibility of divorce. That this voice has been loudest in our own country, which has been the modern world's divorce laboratory, is surely not without significance. An interesting variation of the theme is presented anonymously in the current *Harper's*, under the title, "Can Divorce Be Successful?" Here, under a formal apologia for divorce as an institution, the discerning reader may yet discover one correction after another to the blind acceptance of that institution as a social cure-all. The claims of the children to two parents, the advantages of family solidarity, are very tellingly presented. There is even a formulation (by the writer's youthful daughter) of the advantages of monogamy and the good sense of condoning moral lapses in an erring partner. All in all, if the primary basis could be inserted beneath these secondary reasons, they would be perfectly acceptable Catholic reasons.

ANOTHER point about which challenge and discovery have raged is the point of moral accountability, particularly as it concerns modern systems of penology. Determinism, behaviorism, and their related doctrines have certainly not yet been scotched among us. Indeed, it is only too likely that the most extreme forms of materialistic psychology, especially as reflected in certain psychiatric techniques, will flourish many years longer, widening the train of bewilderment, confusion and moral disruption already clearly observable in their wake. But a definite counter-movement is also under way, as scores of instances prove. Among these it is fair, we think, to record the utterance of Professor George H. Dession, of the Yale Law School, regarding the six-year experimental clinic conducted at that university in psychiatry and mental hygiene as applied to criminal types. Professor Dession speaks with extreme caution, and is seemingly careful not to give a moral handle to his remarks. But what does emerge, nevertheless, is a strong scepticism regarding the currently proposed techniques as a cure-all for crime. "Maladjustments" are found in many cases to be so deep and so mysterious as to defy any known form of psychological therapy. This is laid down, both as a scientific fact and as a warning to the psychiatrist in his developing relationship with the administration of criminal law. Professor Dession apparently has nothing to recommend to clarify and advance matters, except scrupulous care in appraising and applying the results of experimentation. We suggest that, admirable as that is, a further step might be taken by examining the psychology of free will, with its underlying tenets of moral and spiritual incentive. It is not a field precisely barren on the theoretic side; and the material for practical experimentation is very abundant indeed.

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HOW TO KEEP ALIVE

DIALOGUE NO. I: THE CHURCH AND SOCIETY

By HUGH McCARRON

SCENE: A moving one on city streets.

CHARACTERS: Father Socrates; Agathon, the teacher; Tarbo, the poet; and Tarbo's friend, Mr. Spifkins, in some degree a Red.

Narrator, Agathon: Lest you the reader be disappointed, I should tell you, in advance of these snatches of conversation, that Tarbo and I are both aware that Father Socrates is neither learned nor clever. What then is of value in him? We believe we have discovered in him a certain amount of plain horse-sense and some power of observation.

We have philosophized with him or without him over many different country roads and various city streets. On this occasion, when Tarbo and I persuaded the old gentleman to take a walk with us, Tarbo produced a young friend of his, a certain Mr. Spifkins. So we ordered the two of them to the other side of the street, lest the four of us together block pedestrian traffic. I asked Father Socrates to enlarge, as he had promised on some previous occasion, upon the heading: The Church and Society.

Socrates: Her attitude differs from that of all other well-wishers of humanity in this most important point. With the eyes of faith she sees the individual. Now don't let "individual" remain just a word. Think what it means: someone who is just as much an "I" to himself as you to yourself. She sees that the individual soul—this peculiar walking body we see and person with a mind he cannot give away but must keep as his own—the Church sees that this individual is a more awe-inspiring thing than all the theories or all the States. He, who can suffer and rejoice, is made by a Creator, and has duties to God which he cannot delegate. Therefore he has rights, the right to take the means to fufil those duties. Such rights no State can take away from him. No human society gives either the duty or the right of the fundamental honesty that must obtain between a man and his Maker. This individual then has a value beyond that of a digit or number or unit of society.

Agathon: Stalin hardly seems to share that estimate of the value of an individual. The executions . . .

Socrates: True. But I am pondering on something more important than earthly life and death. As far as mere life or death goes, I notice that, despite all our bullying health advertisements we possess many men who will stand on a slippery deck and without a gesture join the "great majority." We are fortunate. There is something indefinably right about their attitude. I salute them. But I was thinking at the moment of the life of the human spirit. To read how children, young minds, are raised as clever animals, with the light gone out of their eyes—we have all seen that phenomenon—this saddens even more than the terrible thought of unjust imprisonment and execution of grown men at the mercy of brutes.

Agathon: It is a black picture.

Socrates: Look at the creeds of those who would help society. The religion of Communism contains a sacrifice of the individual man to that non-existent and cruel god, the future of the race. And its brawny opponent, the Totalitarian State, worships the nation as supreme in every detail of life over the poor members of the nation.

Agathon: Must the pendulum swing between these two?

Socrates: I wonder if there is hope from that Solidarism about which you, Agathon, were going to write a technical article?

Agathon: We must say Christian Solidarism, since I'm told the Communists have anticipated many of his brethren in appreciation of Father Heinrich Pesch, just as they are said to have appreciated his fellow Jesuit, Father Gerard Manly Hopkins. Christian Solidarism, the Christian corporative society—society, mind you, not corporative state—holds that not only the family is antecedent to the state. Other units of a society, larger than the family though smaller than the state, are not necessarily creatures of the state. For instance, various forms of industrial unions, for employees and employers, in our modern life are, if not of absolute necessity, at least expedient, convenient in the Latin and legal sense of the word, for man as a social being, in his capacity in our given instance as a workman. That larger group in society which we call one's country, is not the only unit of society we can conceive as helpful to men and their families. Other groupings are practically necessary if we consider the fullness of man's nature with its various relationships, and the difficulties of circumstance. Such associations then do not have to wait for the State to form them. They help form the State. Further, the State should interfere with them only in fulfilment of its own duty of promoting the general public welfare. For example, it can well be the final arbiter in a dispute not admitting solu-

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tion within the industry. The State can and should prevent general injustice. Do not let my examples mislead you into imagining industrial unions alone as the only beneficial forms of such societies that are midway in size between the family and the State. The Church has shown, in Catholic Action, in the sodality, in religious congregations and orders, that man liveth not by bread alone. But in general, in such a Christian democracy there exists that variety of organism and function which is proper in a living thing.

Socrates: There seems a fundamental difference between this picture and any other theory of a corporative state such as I have had explained to me.

Agathon: But we're already in an age of dictators. Democracy is doomed.

Socrates: Do away with God and man is no longer fully man. Sever the lifeline connecting a man with his God and you make him a slave. Let's suppose a case. John Doe is on trial. He did not commit the offense in question. But it is expedient that one man die for the people. Owing to strange circumstance, if the State execute him it will save the lives, nay, the very souls of millions. The Church would have to declare: you may not execute him. He is not the creature of these millions nor was he made entirely for them. He has a relationship of his own to his God. The Church, that society more compact and integrated than any other, the Mystical Body of Christ, must care for this John Doe not in mere propositions but with love such as Christ had for him. Our King died on the Cross to form His society. And this Church is made up not of numbers but of individuals. Each one's mind must be converted. Each will must choose. Each must be fed with the bread of life. The Church then must be willing to give up all things to administer in love to one poor soul.

Agathon (cynically): The world has outgrown democracy. We need a dictator. Caesar will establish law and order, protect morality and religion.

Socrates: Why do the best minds among our young men, our future teachers, counsellors, directors and diplomats, so frequently take refuge in that hoary compromise? Look at the record. Under the Constantines, Montalembert—and no one will accuse him of being radical or unorthodox—shows how the State attempted to make the Church a secretariate of the empire. Take any other period. Pass over lay-investiture. Under Napoleon, can't you picture an article being censored? "Yes, this is true, but it might offend the ministry of education. This other sentence might render the people less confident in the *status quo.*" Sunday mornings were given to the clergy, weekdays and the young to the State. So many statesmen have encouraged religion because they have regarded it as essential to public order. This is like saying that the order of divine grace is rather good on the ground that it helps nature in her essential functions. But do not blame the rulers. Too often, we must surely admit, the rich and the powerful and the poor who hope for power and wealth and the middle millions of us desiring comfort of body and mind want a diluted Christianity. But the Bride of Christ, mother of men, in the world but not of it, alone in her beauty, does not *have* to compromise with Right or Left. She will always be patient, you may think too patient. She will respect authority, for her Master was obedient. The sterile Caesars persecuted her in her early days. And in later history no master of dry pride or wealth was able to lord it over her for long. Her real Lord taught the mother of men to be humble that she might be fruitful. A firm, sane and loving humility is as necessary for the Church's functions as rain is to soil that the husbandman wants to bear a hundredfold.

Agathon: You do not often become so excited.

Tarbo (joining the pair, with Mr. Spifkins): For commentary on the text, "Render to Caesar" and so forth, I like Chesterton's paragraph, in which he says, equivalently: Take any form of government, my fellow men, you want. Personally I prefer democracy but most of the various forms are legitimate. Choose and advocate what one you want, but remember one thing. All rulers —king, council and crowd—will be made of human stuff. And there's just one fault to find with human nature. You can't quite trust it.

Socrates: We must remember we cannot quite trust ourselves.

(The second Dialogue will appear next week.)

The Wild Bird

Being wild, too wild for fear,
This bird comes near me, very near,

Almost as intimate with me
As with a taller, leafier tree.

But there is in his friendliness
Nothing to pride in nor possess.

Bird, I've loved too much to be
Grieved at such cold intimacy.

I am not sorry that you stand
Almost as near me as my hand,

Yet always in your nearness are
Far as your farthest flight is far.

For us whom love must clutch or miss
There's comfort in such love as this.

MARIE DE L. WELCH.

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MY COUSIN EAMON DE VALERA

By ELIZABETH COLL MILLSON

EVERY so often we hear of an incident which changes the whole tenor of someone's life and leaves its mark on the larger events of the world. It is like the rolling of a tiny pebble which causes other pebbles to move and is eventually instrumental in diverting the course of a mighty river.

So it was when late one afternoon in April of 1884 a trio acted a little private drama on the pier of the Inman Line in New York, as the City of Chicago was leaving for Great Britain and Ireland. They stood apart from the hurrying crowd—a man, a woman and a little boy of about two and a half years. The man was in his early twenties, very tall and dark and decidedly serious. The woman was a pretty, slender widow who wiped her eyes constantly as she bade the other two good-by.

"Be sure and give him porridge every morning," she admonished, "and the day you land in Queenstown, put on his little velvet suit. I want him to be his prettiest for mother."

A whistle blew. There followed a shouted order. The woman picked the boy up quickly and hugged him for one tense moment. Then she handed him hurriedly to the man who went quickly up the gangplank, pausing behind the crowded rail to hold the child up for a last farewell as the boat pulled out.

There were no clicking cameras in those days to record the little scene. History so difficult to trace from its seemingly inconsequential beginnings, was in the making. For the name of the little boy who was leaving for Ireland was Edward de Valera, Eamon being his name in Gaelic. The tall young man was my father, Edward Coll; and the tearful woman was Eamon's mother, my father's sister, Mrs. Vivian de Valera.

Many people do not know that Eamon de Valera, now for many years the President of the Irish Free State, was born in the City of New York, in that portion of the Forties which has since been demolished to extend the Grand Central Terminal. His father, Vivian de Valera, died when Eamon was little more than an infant. My aunt was still in her twenties. It was a great handicap for a young governess to earn her living with a small boy of her own to support, so she decided to send him to Ireland to her mother.

My father often told us about that journey. It took ten days, and because there was a price-war on among the steamship lines, it cost exactly $7 to take the child to Ireland. In those days the flood of emigration was westward, so they had only 300 passengers on the ship and my father and Eamon had a room to themselves. Everyone was kind to the pair and as both were excellent travelers, the trip was unexpectedly pleasant. The only hardship was the lack of fresh milk for the boy, and on that porridge which he must have every morning they had to pour condensed milk.

One incident marred the trip. The first night out, the child cried uncontrollably for hours. Nothing seemed to pacify him, not even the toy violin to which he clung so desperately. It was almost as if some prophetic vision had warned him of the hardships and despair he was to witness in that little isle 3,000 miles away, a land already ravaged by famine and enslaved by the greed of its conquerors. There must have been unusual anguish in that sobbing, for fifty-two years later my father described its bitterness thus: "Half the night I was kept awake with his crying that tore at the very heart of me."

Ten weeks later my father came back to America and has not returned to his native Ireland. News of his nephew, however, came regularly in letters, first from my grandmother and uncle and later from Eamon himself. There were his grammar school marks, the scholarship which gave him a university education, his professorship, his marriage, the arrival of many babies.

And there was that portion of his career about which modesty forbade his writing, but which, nevertheless, the public press extolled—his heroic part in the Easter uprising of 1916. He was an officer in charge of the strategic Boland's Mills in Dublin, past which the English had to march from the sea to the city. When the rebellion was quelled, he was the last to surrender and then only on condition that the lives of his men be spared. This was granted, but he with sixteen other leaders was sentenced to execution. To the reading world this news was just another item in a war-torn world. To my father it was a great heart-ache. This then was to be the fate of the little boy whose destiny he had helped to mold when he took him to Ireland. Here was the tragic end of a beloved little child, the first to steal a place in my father's heart.

But he did not despair. He wrote to his state senator, the late Senator Brandegee of Connecticut. My aunt, who had long since remarried and was living in Rochester, wrote to Senator O'Gorman of New York. Both these men, be it eternally said to their credit, were indefatigable in their efforts to save De Valera. The wheels of politics were turning. Statesmen harkened to jus-

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tice and were stirred by the cry of freedom. Tirelessly the Irish societies worked. It was a crucial time for Britain. The great war was at its height. America was not yet an ally save in spirit. England had no wish to alienate a powerful America by the execution of one of her citizens. The date of execution arrived. In the early dawn, sixteen brave men faced a firing squad in Dublin; the seventeenth, my cousin, was spared to a life of penal servitude in an English prison.

How different the history of Ireland might have been if this one had not been spared! How little the readers of history know when they read of the failure of the Easter rebellion! Every stanch Irishman knows that the rebellion was no failure, for something of the spirit of those doomed sixteen lived on in De Valera, lived and spread throughout Ireland with such intensity and rapidity that within a few years the Irish Republic was formed and De Valera chosen as its President.

But first there was his dramatic escape from prison, about which so many and such conflicting stories have been told. Like everything which has marked his success, this was carefully planned and carried out to the letter. First of all, there was the cake brought in regularly every Saturday to De Valera by an Irish friend who lived near the prison. At first the authorities broke the cake up into very minute pieces, looking for a message or possibly a file. As time went on, however, and the habit became a regular one, the cake was cut in fewer pieces, until finally it was delivered undisturbed.

Secondly, several colleens, comely and vivacious, were imported and lived near the prison. This was not an untoward incident, because many Irish live in England, and several farm hands on the land surrounding the prison were young Irishmen. The girls, too, established a custom which soon passed without notice or comment. Each day they strolled past the prison entrance, and often stopped to jolly along the guards on duty. Sometimes they would loiter with a song and a jest during the evening changing of the guard at tea time.

When De Valera was a young lad he had been an altar boy. Now in prison, it often fell to his lot to serve the chaplain at Mass. It was his duty to replace the old candles with new, and in this way he managed to smuggle to his cell a few tiny ends of the discarded candles which he worked into a malleable mass fit for making an impression. Bit by bit he gained the confidence of his jailors and on several occasions helped in the office of the warden where the cell keys were kept. On one of these occasions he was left alone for a minute, and it required no longer to make a good impression of the cell key with the wax in his pocket.

But how to get this out of prison to his friends, since they were never allowed to see anyone from the outside or to write any letters? It took plenty of ingenuity. Several months had gone by, and De Valera pleaded that on St. Patrick's Day, which was approaching, the Irish prisoners be allowed to send cards to their folks at home. This permission was finally granted—one plain post card was issued to each prisoner, and they were told that they might make their own drawing and write one sentence in English. So the other Irish prisoners drew pictures on their cards of a giant with a tiny key in his hand endeavoring to unlock a cell, and underneath was the inscription, "I can't get out of here." But De Valera drew the picture of a pigmy holding aloft a giant key (the exact replica of the wax impression) with the inscription, "Get me out of here." These were duly forwarded, and De Valera sat down to hope and to pray that the recipient of his card would be quick-witted enough to catch on to his idea.

Then one day when the prisoners were out exercising in their yard, they heard one of the Irish farm lads, just outside the walls, singing in Gaelic. To a well-known tune he was singing a message—a message that the key was made and would be sent in the cake the following Saturday.

Now their plans matured rapidly. On the day of escape, the Gaelic message was sung again. So that evening at the changing of the guard the colleens came along and distracted the boys for a minute or two and, with perfect timing, De Valera took his key, opened his cell and those of the other Irish prisoners, rustled a guard into an empty cell and ran for the entrance. A high-powered car dashed swiftly up and carried them away. It was all over in a twinkling, worked with such nicety and precision that by the time the alarm was sounded the prisoners were already speeding out of sight.

Then came a country-wide man hunt. The news flashed around the world in an hour. Every station, hotel and pier were covered with detectives. But Eamon was safe among friends. In fact that very night, disguised in a long red beard, he rode through the streets of a famous city within an arm's reach of the "newsies" who were calling out the story of his escape.

His subsequent arrival in America was enough to fire the public imagination and esteem. While the British authorities were hunting for him throughout Ireland, chasing will-o'-the-wisps of information, he calmly walked off a ship in New York one day, free at last in his homeland, safe among friends and relatives. America took De Valera to its heart. His passion for freedom was no different from that of our own great national hero, George Washington. He launched into a lecture tour immediately that encompassed the entire United States and was nothing short of phenomenal.

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It was in Rochester that I first met my cousin. He was there visiting his mother when my husband and I drove down from Canada. We found him a serious-faced man with penetrating eyes, tall and dignified and thin to a painful degree. His manner was quiet, his voice without flourish. He was gentle but not soft. In his calm self-control there was a latent strength, a reservoir of greatness, as yet untried to the full. His words, I noticed, were chosen deliberately, thoughtfully, but without stiffness. So important to him is this matter of his speech that he has since made it a constant practise to read over all newspaper interviews before they are printed.

From him for the first time I heard of the famous "Black and Tan" insurrection in Ireland—a war that was yet no war. He told of a nation depleted well nigh to the point of extinction holding on to its very life with a tenacity and determination that matched Britain's own.

For several years I had lived in Ottawa under British rule and I found it difficult to understand Ireland's problem. Yet tonight I saw people who would suffer any hardship, endure any privation, give up their very lives to rid their country of Britain's yoke. When I exclaimed, "You certainly must hate the English!" my cousin replied in Shakespeare's immortal words, smiling quietly, "'Tis not that I love Caesar less, but Rome more."

De Valera has often been called a man with a single-track mind, because of his tenacity of purpose which amounts almost to stubbornness. True, he is rigid to his duty and to his job. But he has had time during one of his prison terms to master the Einstein Theory. He has made a study of Gaelic and has become a fluent speaker in that language. During the years that Cosgrave was the President of the Free State, De Valera promoted and established a Dublin newspaper. He has read and studied all the great philosophies.

The last time I saw my cousin was after we had moved from Canada to the vicinity of New York. He was in America arranging for his newspaper. At that time he was more or less in disrepute as the leader of the Opposition in the Dael. Yet he was exactly as we had seen him on previous occasions, unruffled by the adverse trend of events as he had hitherto been untouched by the fickle mood of public acclaim.

One small incident remains impressed on my mind. We have an old cavalry sword which he admired, confessing that in his own collection at home he had one exactly like it. I remember the way he grasped it, balancing and weighing it; then in a flash cutting through the air. In a twinkling he was transformed. The statesman became the soldier. We could scarcely believe our eyes, he was so different. Another man, vital, hawklike. For only a brief moment were we permitted to see De Valera the soldier. For almost as quickly again he lapsed back into the quiet, gentle cousin.

Two or three things which I know about him are very characteristic. One was, on taking office as President, he reduced his own salary from £2,500 a year to £1,500. This notwithstanding that he has a large family to educate, with no other form of income. Another, was his long patient struggle with poor eyesight which resulted finally in a serious triple vision. Two years ago he slipped quietly away to the continent, had an operation for cataract, and resumed his work again without any of the fanfare of publicity.

To us he was always "Cousin Ed." Being the essence of courtesy himself, De Valera receives "Chief" from his co-workers, or "Uachtaran" (President) if addressed in Gaelic. But behind his back he is affectionately known as "Dev." Most Irishmen call him that. It is a sign of Irish love—of popular acclaim. They know him for what he is, honest and modest, a doer of deeds, a relentless fighter for their freedom. His life has been full of color, a charmed life in view of his many escapes. No breath of scandal has touched him privately or publicly. Of course, they love him. And he loves them and their children and their children's children. He fought to gain their freedom. Now every day he wages a different kind of battle to make Ireland a better land to live in.

Two years ago his son Brian was killed while riding horseback in Phoenix Park—Brian, beloved son, so gay and dashing and full of personality. Dev's anguish can be imagined. He sat for hours at the dying boy's bedside in silent prayer. Yet shortly after his death, Dev attended an important meeting, went carefully through all the details, and there never appeared even a trace of his emotion. Such courage demands and receives universal respect.

He seems utterly without personal ambition. For many years he was in a sense a dictator of Ireland—a dictator with a little "d" who has avoided the folly of personal power, knowing in his wisdom that it is a Frankenstein which destroys its maker and leaves disaster and havoc in its wake.

He wants peace with other countries, and at home he wants the unity of his people. Are not these the ideals of the country that gave him birth? America fought a Revolutionary War to free itself and obtain a lasting peace. We fought a Civil War after secession to preserve our unity. All this was not accomplished in one generation. De Valera's present job is to make Ireland self-sufficient and self-sustaining. He has accomplished miracles. And we often think how different the whole story might have been if a little boy had remained in America instead of making Ireland the land of his adoption.

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RED VULTURES OF THE PYRENEES

By GAULT MACGOWAN

WORDS such as Hendaye, Cerbere, Perpignan, Toulouse, Biarritz, Pau and St. Jean de Luz were once redolent of romance. Today they are more familiar as the names of places whence dismal telegrams emanate with unsavory stories of "incidents" that threaten the peace of the world. The 200-mile corridor between the Bay of Biscay and the Mediterranean has become a vast whispering-gallery for propaganda merchants, spies, contact-men, saboteurs, agents-provocateurs, munition salesmen, international adventurers, gun-runners and modern Mata Haris. Aristocratic diplomats of the old school, whose credentials and practises are unimpeachable, rub shoulders with gigolos of fake internationalism. Every wile of the lobbies of Washington and Geneva has its exponents. The corridor is the honeycomb of all whose instructions are to posture like peacocks in public and to behave like bees in private.

Rival shells whistling to and fro across Madrid sent the first foreign diplomats, their ladies and their aides hurrying across the frontier to St. Jean de Luz to take up more peaceful quarters there. The first diplomatic settlers were the Ambassadors of the United States, of Great Britain, of France and of the Argentine. When the revolution broke out, they had been vacationing in the fashionable Spanish equivalent of Miami Beach, San Sebastian, just across the Pyrenees from Biarritz.

In normal times diplomats tend to station themselves beside the particular source of power they hope to influence. The position was now reversed. Instead of the diplomats trying to reach the eye of the government, the "Loyalists" sought to whisper honeyed words into the private ears of the diplomats. The government found to its dismay that, while the outside world was being satisfactorily misled by means of its highly efficient propaganda machine into thinking of the civil war as a fight between a properly constituted liberal government and a gang of Fascist saboteurs, the diplomats were sending home strictly factual findings on the political picture.

In strict confidence I have been shown two of these reports. I can testify that they differ materially from the newspaper reports that have had to run the gauntlet of government censorship before being allowed to leave "Liberal" Spain. I can also testify that they differ materially from the whitewash reports of certain Protestant clerical dignitaries who were taken on a Cook's tour of Red Spain by the Loyalists. It is the knowledge that such reports exist and that they will one day become historic documents that has given me the courage to come out fearlessly in a hypnotized world to bear witness to the truth and to shame the devil.

"I have shown you this report," a diplomat said, "so that you may know that I am doing my job. But the harder task is yours. Your reports will be made public; mine have the advantage of a locked portfolio and of diplomatic freedom from seizure."

I soon discovered the truth of this. I was obliged to take special care never to travel with any notes upon me. Crimson vultures lurked everywhere. Wherever the diplomats were, a small army of spies and partizans had been placed to foul the well of truth at its secret source and to dam the flow of factual news through correspondents who might be tipped off by the Ambassadors.

H. Edward Knoblaugh of the Associated Press testifies in his book about Spain ("Correspondent in Spain") that on one occasion, in order to evade the censorship, he made one of his dispatches appear to come from a correspondent in Hendaye, France. He says that within a few hours the government had discovered that the dispatch was from him and not from Hendaye. The reason is obvious. Government agents in Hendaye knew exactly what news was being sent from there just as if it was in their own territory.

What contributed possibly more than anything else to such a check-up in French territory was the fact that, while the French Foreign Office and the French police were committed to the policy of non-intervention, the politicians of the Popular Front heartily detested it, and were openly hostile to it. The non-intervention policy had been pressed upon France by Great Britain, and the French Foreign Office could not afford to throw Great Britain's wishes in the discard. But behind the backs of the Foreign Office diplomats, the Trade Union leaders, the Socialists and the Communists of France unduly favored the Loyalists and were actively working for abandonment of the blockade. All these people contributed their quota of agents to the sinister set-up of life along the frontier. The Communists of Canada and of the United States have recently sent them a glowing testimonial to the success of their efforts in twisting Liberalism into Bolshevik channels. The full text of this testimonial was published in the *Daily Worker* about the middle of January.

One fact worked well in the government favor. General Franco is a soldier and not a politician

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and as such despised the propaganda methods of the Reds. He would not lend himself to tricks with truth. Not till comparatively late in the day did he set up a bureau of information, and then it was a bureau conducted with almost military precision that leaned backward in under-statement. But across the border, some of his sympathizers were not so cautious. When they say the Spanish Reds set up secret service stations in neutral France, they attempted to do the same. Because the south of France is so largely a tourist resort it is easy to hire villas in neutral names without questions being asked so long as the rent is paid in advance. In more than one such villa there are secret radio transmitters installed and secret printing-presses running in the cellars.

Sometimes the enthusiasms of the Nationalist sympathizers overstepped the bounds of discretion. Supporters of the Spanish monarchical régime—to which General Franco was not committed—were ostentatious in their activities, and for some time the Count de los Andes, counsellor to former King Alfonso, had his headquarters in Biarritz. As a result of his efforts, spied on by Loyalist agents and reported to French politicians of the Left, a deportation order was served on him.

More serious was the ill-starred effort of a Nationalist, Major Julian Troncoso, an audacious seeker after notoriety, who attempted to steal a Spanish Loyalist submarine from Brest harbor. The most of this opportunity was made by the Loyalists' Pyrenees lobby. They spread the rumor, which ran through the Pyrenees country like wildfire, that the Nationalists were mobilizing an expeditionary force to rescue Troncoso from jail and that their attack would be followed by a general advance of Spanish Nationalists across the frontier to retake the lost Spanish province of Roussillon! Roussillon was the ancient name for the territory embraced in the French department of the Pryenees Orientales adjoining Catalonia on the Mediterranean coast. Frenchmen were alarmed by the cry: "Franco will make a new Alsace-Lorraine of Roussillon. It will be the excuse for an invasion of France by Moors, Italians and Germans!"

The ancient capital of Roussillon was Perpignan, still one of the most Spanish-looking towns along the whole frontier. Its population has been swollen, as well as the population of thirty-five other towns along the Pyrenees, by hordes of refugees from both sides who crossed into France in the early days of the Civil War. In the fourteenth century Perpignan belonged to the Kings of Aragon, who established a university there. In the course of history the official nationality of the town twice changed hands, but it has been French for hundreds of years now.

The story, fantastic though it was, was beautiful propaganda for the Loyalist lobby. There was even an attempt made to alienate Catholic sympathy for General Franco by a tale that a German airplane had been seen over Lourdes. The average man does not know that the Spanish Reds have a highly developed technique of blowing up sacred spots with dynamite and then blandly ascribing such deeds to Nationalist airmen. Few people have read the reports of neutral military experts which convincingly prove that the gutting of the miscalled "Holy City of Guernica" was the work of Red bomb-throwers and not of Franco's airmen. The general public is also unaware of the fact that, when German and Italian airplanes are spoken of in the Spanish war, the reference is to the make of the machine and not to the nationality of the pilots.

Another vile plot of the Loyalists was the one to spread disease germs among Franco's troops. Two Frenchmen, Louis Chabrat and Jean Boujennec, were hired to do that job after sleeping sickness germs had been obtained from a sympathetic laboratory assistant in Paris. A third activity was the creation of secret landing fields for airplanes, both to bring secret dispatches into France from Spain and to arrange the smuggling of fighting airplanes across the frontier. So perturbed did the French Foreign Office become with the situation that special detachments of mobile guards had to be sent to guard the mountain passes so that not even a goat could pass without being seen. Redoubled efforts had to be made to maintain the confidence of Great Britain in the reality of the blockade.

The fruits of such vigilance did not always fall where they would have been most useful. More often than not the vigilance meant the consigning to the Spanish militia of some unfortunate victim of Red aggression who, having converted all his worldly goods into cash and disguising himself as a peasant, was attempting to cross the frontier into France. One such man, in rags but carrying $1,000 worth of pesetas, was handed over to the Red Guards on the old Roncesvalles road and promptly executed by drum-head court martial. When questions were afterward asked he was described as a "currency smuggler." It was not explained that the guards had divided the "smuggled currency" among themselves. None of it reached the Loyalist government.

Meanwhile the frontier town of Cerbere on the French side was so Red that the Mayor was operating a subscription list for the "victims of Fascist aggression." The fact that scores of the refugees who trekked out of Spain were men and women of the higher classes fleeing from the Red Terror was conveniently ignored in the interests of French popular-front propaganda. There was a complete underground system operating for smuggling Frenchmen, Poles, Americans and Russians across the frontier to join the Loyalist forces.

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When I was in Toulouse, there were twenty-nine men arrested on one day as they attempted to cross the border. Eighteen of them were Americans. Another such group was arrested at Perpignan. In fact hardly a day passed but the police were worried by some new activity. The French are rapidly facing the same problem that General Franco faced: the problem of the good constable sworn to keep the peace of his precinct.

In Paris the politicians of the Left are happy. They feel themselves the center of a new triangle of influence in Western Europe, a triangle with its apex on the Seine. A somewhat lonely left foot of the triangle hangs hopefully in Geneva. Its right foot is firmly planted on the fringe of the Pyrenees. On that angle the crimson vultures of Sovietism hover for further pickings from the bones of civilization.

CLARUM ET VENERABILE NOMEN

By PETER MORAN

MY EARLIEST recollection of Father Wynne places him at a priest's funeral. He has helped to bury many pastors who were his loyal friends, and should be an authority on "Funeral Orations." The laudable Jesuit tradition discouraging panegyrics at their own obsequies ought to encourage praiseworthy words on their deeds while they reside in this land of the living. These lines intone no lugubrious note.

Plutarch restricted his biographies to men who had journeyed beyond the far horizon. Sculptors find modeling clay molds easier before a face than before a photograph. For his sixtieth anniversary as a Jesuit, Charles Keck made a bronze medallion of Father Wynne. The late Isidore Konti studied the head and pointed to what he called "the crown of obstinacy." That may account for persistent determination in a long life of earnest and unselfish work.

Father Wynne is not the Jesuit of fiction; fictitious Jesuits are not founded on fact. That they flourish in fiction is a tribute to their vitality and ubiquity. There is much of the universalist about Wynne: his culture knows no university bounds, but extends to the finer, and commonplace affairs of life. The old saying of Terence describes him: "Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto."

On the occasion of his Jesuit anniversary, in 1936, the many hundreds at the festive assembly, and thousands scattered at radios, were fortunate in listening to Monsignor Lavelle, rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, speak on "Father Wynne the Priest," and Dr. John H. Finley, editor of the New York *Times,* on "Father Wynne the Scholar." Both topics described the man. There is however another phase of his life combining priesthood and scholarship which makes him the friend of saints. That will come later.

Of Father Wynne's priestly life much cannot be written because most of it is hidden. A few may know what his priesthood means to him, as many know what it has meant to themselves. Though his life is an open book it holds many sealed pages, "which no man can open and no man shut," like secrets of the Apocalypse. The Sick Call Record may tell of visits to the dying, it does not tell of charity to the dead and to the bereaved. The Baptismal Book may count converts at the font; no count is kept of penitents in the confessional. Brother Ostiarius may keep tab on visitors, he does not know of counsel directing the doubting, or cheering the discouraged.

Nor can all be known of what has been accomplished in the intellectual field. The harvest is there: the toil, the anxiety, are not evident. No one thinks of careful plans and days of labor in a finished house. It is not a miracle of a night, nor a sketch enlarged for stage scenery; sweat and blood were mixed with the sands of strong foundations. The editors associated with Father Wynne could tell the story of "The Catholic Encyclopedia": clearing the woods of the underbrush of uncertainty; the conquering of heights where doubt was entrenched deep; the demolishing of difficulties that piled up like an inverted pyramid; changing the prophecy of failure into colossal success; the financial worry; and the arduous years that created a monument of Catholic scholarship.

The publication of that gigantic task (fifteen volumes) beginning in 1907 was completed in 1912. Bishop Shahan, Charles G. Herbermann and Condé B. Pallen have gone into the Promised Land of perfect knowledge; Monsignor Edward Pace and Father Wynne remain to smile upon their sheaves of tireless years.

The acclaim that came from everywhere for that brave adventure of the mind became praise too abundant for a victory wreath; its weaving made a festoon to spell a splendid *Maxima cum Laude.* Without a whispered *mea culpa* for intellectual pride, Father Wynne can safely say with Virgil: *Quorum pars magna fui.*

A list of books from Father Wynne's pen makes a fair litany; much that he wrote has not been gathered in bindings. The *Messenger* and *America* are his creations; both of which he edited for several years. They stand as an index to his energy. To establish a national weekly for Cath-

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olics in a country where diocesan newspapers were plentiful, seemed at the outset more courageous than wise. But wisdom won, and *America* is Father Wynne's monument.

In our hurried life few stop to inquire who were the builders of our greatness. There is need of more than milestones to mark the paths of pioneers. We are impatient with the historic, unless it be flashed upon the screen. Yesterday gets quick exit, to usher in Tomorrow. Kipling's "Recessional" is true of men, as it is true of God: "Lest we forget." Any glib tongue can say: "So let it be with Caesar!"

The pathfinders of our faith in this vast land were indeed forgotten men. Their names do not yet sound familiar. Isaac Jogues was forgotten where Ethan Allen was remembered. Soldiers of the sword steal the stage from soldiers of the Cross. It has been so always, the barbaric in man dies a slow death. The catacombs were buried by the oblivion of five hundred years, as men dug around the remains of the Coliseum. For nearly three hundred years we were ignorant of the North American Martyrs. The joyful thunder of their canonization awoke us. Who will say it was the deed of any man to bring about that awakening? The Pope alone was not the one. The "process" of canonization needs more than a jury. No process could begin until there had been built up the claim based on knowledge, for an inquiry into lives and deaths that merited the aureole of martyrdom. It would not suffice to prove the murdered men were saintly Jesuits, any more than that they were pious Frenchmen. There was the need to convince Rome that the eight heroic men who walked the tragic trail to death were messengers of the Faith, and witnesses of the Gospel.

Father Wynne was and is at his best as the friend of saints. No Bollandist could be happier in the many tomes of the "Jesuit Relations." That was the mine in which he worked to bring forth treasures old and new, so that he might tell multitudes of hardships cheerfully endured, of long journeys and hopes that suffered shipwreck, of lonely nights in danger and of dawns that brought dismay, of cold and nakedness, of hunger, twin-brother of starvation. Always he was confronted with the parallel of Paul: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation or distress or persecution, or nakedness or famine or the sword?" The martyrs' dauntless zeal to build the Church of God in dreary savage villages was the test of the heroic, the like of which this world has seldom seen.

Europe and other countries may be in admiration because there are no fortifications of defense between the United States and Canada. There are only boundaries drawn upon a map. The Catholic Church has no dividing lines anywhere. What belongs to one belongs to all. Tongues may differ and ambitions be at variance, but in the hearts of Catholics there is an universal Unity. True there is a national and spiritual pride that what is now our country was blessed by triple martyrdom. The Canadian Martyrs are ours also, as ours are Canada's. And what is more, Canada gave them to us as blackrobes preaching the peace which surpasses the world's understanding: we gave them back clothed in the raiment of the saints. "The just shall shine like stars for all eternity."

Besides libraries there are archives for research. Quebec holds rich treasures of the past; in that cornerstone of Catholicity New France stored up her memories. The favor of pardon comes easy to an historian for the vanity of his book. The aim of Father Wynne and his confrère, Father Campbell, was the same: together they labored to place the names of eight Jesuits in the Book of Saints. Their feast day is in the Mass Book for every September 26. That feast means more than history. It tells of many documents and an immense correspondence, it tells of long waits, much patience and prolonged vigils. It tells of untiring zeal. Father Campbell did not live to see the Martyrs' Day. They were declared saints on June 29, 1930.

"Vivent Nomina Eorum in Aeternum"

St. René Goupil, Martyrs' Hill, September 29, 1642.
St. Isaac Jogues, Martyrs' Hill, October 18, 1646.
St. John Lalande, Martyrs' Hill, October 19, 1646.
St. Anthony Daniel, Fort St. Mary, July 4, 1648.
St. John de Brébeuf, Fort St. Mary, March 16, 1649.
St. Gabriel Lalemant, Fort St. Mary, March 17, 1649.
St. Charles Garnier, Fort St. Mary, December 7, 1649.
St. Noel Chabanel, Fort St. Mary, December 8, 1649.

Martyrs' Hill is Father Wynne's happy hunting ground. The story of its finding at the Mohawk River fills a chapter by itself. He restored its acres to the martyrs who found on that knoll their calvary of blood. Their names, their figures, their altars are there to welcome pilgrim feet and pilgrim prayers. It is a peaceful place. There is no whizzing arrow, no noisy blunderbuss bought with barter at Fort Orange on the Hudson. There are no war whoops, only the frequent "Pax Vobis." There is no blood shedding except in the mystic chalice of the Holy Sacrifice. The missionaries failed, the martyrs won; though the river holds the secret of their graves. Holiness is finer than holocaust, memories live where dead men's bones are forgotten.

Canada never forgave Kipling for the title "Our Lady of the Snows," though he was only borrowing from the Roman "Sancta Maria ad Nives." Before canonization, the martyrs' shrines where they were murdered, were known as "Our Lady of Martyrs." Canada's is at the foot of Georgian Bay, ours is at Auriesville, New York.

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Our neighbor may not frown now at her poetic name, as swirling snows give speed to mountain skis. We know the pioneer Jesuits trailed through long forests on snowshoes; perhaps they skied down hillsides. Jogues was a fine athlete; so was young John Lalande.

Did Father Wynne discover what Ponce de Leon missed? Was there an elixir of youth in the baptismal waters when many years ago the question was asked: "John, what dost thou ask of the Church of God?" The answer echoes down the intervening years. All that God gave John, he gave back to Him and to His Church in loyal labor for the Faith. His life entitles him to rest; that he will not do until his *Requiescat*.

When the work for the martyrs was done he busied himself as Postulator with the "cause" of the Mohawk Maiden, Katheri Tekakwitha. That is by no means an easy task; saints who died in bed are more difficult for sainthood than saints who died in torture. For all, the motive of their lives is more important than the manner of their death. Tekakwitha was born in the Mohawk village where the martyrs died, to live a life of holiness amid the horrors of pagan sin; to die in exile at the St. Lawrence. At that, for all the saints this earth was exile. Little by little Christians learn that same truth.

A lesson in stone lasts longer than a lesson in print. Figures in bronze and granite will soon remind us of the three Mohawk Martyrs. By Act of Legislature, an appropriation was made to choose a site at Lake George, and to erect on it a monument to Father Jogues. The bill in senate and assembly was introduced by Senator Feinberg of Plattsburg, and Assemblyman Reoux of Warrensburg. The same Act created a commission to decide on the site and to select the sculptor: Fort George Park and Charles Keck were chosen. Governor Lehman appointed Father Wynne to serve on the commission along with Bishop Stires of Long Island and Mrs. John S. Burke of New York. The Governor's appointment of Father Wynne was a fine tribute to him for his contribution to the history of New York State. It was at the same time a graceful compliment to the Jesuits and to Catholics.

Father Jogues will stand in heroic bronze, blessing the lake of his discovery. In subordinate stone will appear the companions of his voyages through Lake Sacrament, two of whom were René Goupil and John Lalande. The dedication is promised for the summer of 1939. The inscription in stone will read:

Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam
Father Jogues S. J.
Ambassador of Peace
From New France
To the Five Nations of the Iroquois
With his companion John Bourdon
Discovered these waters
Named them
Lac du Saint Sacrament
May 30, 1646

Martyred by the Mohawks
At the river of their name
On October the eighteenth
In that same year

Erected by the State of New York A.D. 1939
On the Burial Field of the Battles of Lake George

This sketch of Father Wynne's head must not neglect his heart. When Vincent de Paul set out from his home near the River Ardour in Gascony, to study for the priesthood in the little seminary at Dax, his father accompanied him part of the way. The boy, with a few belongings tied in a bundle, did not know his going out from narrow fields was to wide-world fame. At the foot of a hill the father said good-by, and watched the little chap until distance hid him. Standing in the dust of the road, in peasant garb and wooden shoes, he lifted his eyes to the skies and said to their Maker: "My boy Vincent will be a good priest, because he has a kind heart."

When young John Wynne went out from his home to study Latin and Learning at St. Francis Xavier's, a bundle of books was strapped over his shoulder. Little did he dream that everywhere his name would be linked with Knowledge! His father and mother might have stood in their doorway as the youngster turned the corner, and truly prophesied: "Our son John will be a good priest, because he has a kind heart." Father Wynne's kindness of heart has given youth to his years. His Golden Jubilee of Priesthood is on the near horizon. May the feast of the Jesuit Martyrs greet him for many anniversaries, that in Mass vestments he may say: "Introibo ad altare Dei: Ad Deum qui laetificat juventutem meam."

Valentine

The mid-day sun has sickled down the snow;
A boundary of lace
Encircles now the heart's intaglio.
Warm-throated winds embrace

And leave their kisses in the blushing air.
A February bird
Twitters of love far up the slumbering pear,
Its echoing deferred

Within the fluid depth of Time's blue eyes.
A crocus's purple wine
Intoxicates the lawn. These things comprise
The matchless valentine.

JOHN ROBERT QUINN.

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CHINESE WALLS

By MARY SMALL

THE GREATEST of all walls is of course the Great Wall of China. It is the most awe-inspiring of the world's seven wonders. This stupendous structure is the only thing made by man that could be discerned from the moon by the human eye. It is the hugest public works project ever attempted by any ruler. Its construction put 2,000,000 men to work twenty centuries ago. This greatest of all construction jobs was completed within about a decade, the scheduled time.

Its builder, the Emperor Ch'in Shih Hwang, allowed no walk-outs nor sit-down strikes. Union labor and collective bargaining were terms not in the old tyrant's vocabulary. Those who suggested shorter hours with more pay were unceremoniously thrust into the foundations of the massive structure. Tens of thousands perished in this way. Even now, the Great Wall is looked upon as a symbol of oppression rather than as a protecting barrier.

Unless the present invader of China has ruthlessly destroyed them, there are countless other walls in that suffering country which do not inspire such bitter thought as does the Great Wall. They are the alluring and less well-known city walls that enclose numberless hamlets, both large and small. Especially unforgettable to those who have lived within their protecting shadow, are the walls of Peiping and Nanking.

Peiping walls are unique in their massiveness and in the height of their rampart towers. Some of these are a hundred feet above the ground. The outer walls of the old capital enclose four separate walled cities. The most famous of these cities within a city is the Forbidden City with its art treasures and its distinctive architecture.

As early as the thirteenth century, Marco Polo was greatly impressed with the beauty of this renowned city and wrote of the grandeur of its walls. On these ramparts is the world's oldest astronomical observatory. In the thirteenth century, Kublai Khan, an enlightened ruler, ordered Persian astronomers to erect there elaborate bronze instruments to more accurately study the heavenly bodies. Later, a great Ming Emperor rebuilt Kublai Khan's observatory and replaced the Persian instruments with more modern ones.

However, it remained for another progressive ruler to complete the work as it now stands. Emperor K'ang Hsi of the Ch'ing Dynasty called upon a great and good Jesuit, Father Verbiest, to serve as court astronomer. Father Verbiest, a renowned scientist, insisted upon new and up-to-date astronomical instruments in the ancient observatory. These stand today to delight the eyes of beauty lovers. In a city filled with art treasures, Verbiest's instruments are outstanding in their dignity and artistry. Decorated with dragons, exquisitely designed and perfectly cast, these works of art have withstood three centuries of Gobi sandstorms along with winter freezes and summer heat.

The walls of Nanking, on the other hand, have no towering bastions and no priceless works of art. Nevertheless they do have a rugged beauty and an impressive solidarity all their own. They are unique in that they are the longest city walls in all China. In the fourteenth century, a Ming Emperor enlarged the walls to enclose a vast area on the north and the west. Therefore this Chinese city is more open and sunny than the majority of walled cities.

The mighty Yangtsze flows past these ancient walls; a mile wide is the river at this point. Outside the walls once stood that pagoda of pagodas, made entirely of glistening porcelain. It was built in honor not of a god nor of a hero, but as a token of appreciation to the builder's consort! It was ruthlessly destroyed during the T'ai Ping rebellion but fragments of porcelain still may be dug from the site. The Porcelain Pagoda had a flight of ninety steps leading to its towering height of 260 feet. It was entirely made of dazzling tiles of white, yellow, red and green. From its many curved roofs hung 150 soft-toned bells to delight the ear while the eye gazed in wonder on this indescribably beautiful creation of man.

Opposite the site of the Porcelain Pagoda, towers hoary Purple Mountain, the silent sentinel of the ages. What horrors it could tell of periodic slaughters in that historic and strategic city!

Chinese walls, whether of the smallest hamlet, of Peiping the beautiful, or of Nanking the austere, are more than bricks and mortar. They affect a nation spiritually as well as materially.

To some, walls mean confinement; to others, guardianship. Walls both aid and hinder in the development of a race. Primarily walls were meant for protection. They served that purpose well before the days of modern warfare, when they kept back the onslaughts of the barbarians. But they prove useless against the attacks of modern artillery.

Walls keep a people from that which is outside. Thus they are advantageous so long as that which is outside is inferior to that which is within. Walls give a nation an opportunity for self-development and self-expression. That which has been achieved by a people is in this way preserved and enriched. This is what happened to China during those ages when the barbarians were ever pressing upon their borders.

Came a time, however, when the western world had advanced beyond the barbarian stage and had something to contribute to China. Walls, both visible and invisible, continued to act as a barrier against this impact of new ideas. At this point Chinese walls became a hindrance rather than a help. They fostered a conservatism which was to retard the progress of Chinese civilization.

While China kept her walls, Japan tore hers down. She eagerly embraced new ideas from outside. By so doing, Nippon, in an incredibly short time, became one of the most progressive of modern countries.

What effect will the present oriental struggle have upon Chinese walls, both material and spiritual? Upon the answer to that question may hang the fate of western civilization.

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Seven Days' Survey

The Church.—February 11 was the eightieth anniversary of the apparition of the Blessed Virgin to Saint Bernadette Soubirous at Lourdes. Since that time some 50,000,000 persons have visited that little town at the foot of the Pyrenees. During the past year sermons were delivered there in twenty-seven languages. * * * The "Catholic Hour" is now broadcast over 67 stations in 39 states and the District of Columbia. Stations WSAI of Cincinnati and KTHS of Hot Springs, Ark., recently granted Catholic petitions for inclusions in these Sunday evening broadcasts. Archbishop John G. Murray of St. Paul has sent to station KSTP a similar petition bearing 14,000 names. * * * The N.C.W.C. News Service reports that "the systematic destruction of Catholic schools in Germany has reached the point where soon none of them will continue to subsist. . . . Catholic associations in Germany have now virtually been destroyed. . . . Officially Church holy days are no longer widely observed in Germany. Orders have just been issued by the Nazi authorities that the Epiphany, Saints Peter and Paul and Immaculate Conception feasts will be considered as weekdays from now on when public offices and schools will remain open. . . . Only recently it was reported that the number of candidates for the priesthood in Germany does not meet requirements any longer." * * * Archbishop Martinez y Rodriguez, Primate of Mexico, urged his people in his first pastoral, "It is essential to renew Divine Love in the country in order to realize the major premise of Pius XI—the peace of Christ in the kingdom of Christ. We shall be judged by what we have done for our neighbor and through the practise of perfect charity we shall transform the world and find peace. . . . The Holy Father exhorts us saying, 'To our dearest Mexican children . . . We renew the appeal to unity, to charity, to peace, in the apostolic labor of Catholic Action, which must give back Christ to Mexico and restore there peace and also temporal prosperity."

The Nation.—The Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearing on the navy expansion program brought to light grave suspicions about American foreign relations and policy. Answering a resolution of Senator Johnson's, Secretary Hull wrote a letter denying any sort of foreign commitment has been made. Senator Pittman and other administration leaders backed up the demand for heavier armaments by traditional arguments and by picturing war as almost unprecedentedly threatening. * * * Internal revenue collections during the 1937 calendar year amounted to $5,617,088,564, a gain of $1,829,752,503 over 1936. Corporate and individual income taxes produced $2,584,977,631, compared with $1,551,652,596 the year before. Income tax collections now provide about 40 percent of federal revenues. Meanwhile the Tax Revision Bill was working slowly through the Ways and Means Committee, with no startling change in the tax structure anticipated. * * * Preparing the way for the farm measure, the House adopted a rule limiting to four hours debate on the 121-page bill. The compulsory features of the crop control plan were meeting the bitterest attacks. Also, there is a regional split, Western farmers claiming they are being sacrificed to the cotton growers of the South. * * * The Hague-anti-Hague war in Jersey City was at a practical standstill with Mayor Hague in Florida, and with the committee charged with investigating the recent gubernatorial election balked in its attempts to get the Hudson County poll books, which contain the signatures of persons who voted.

The Wide World.—Nationalist forces in Spain consolidated recent gains on the Teruel front. Two hundred and thirty square miles were reported won in a three-day counter-offensive. The Loyalists launched a major offensive seven miles north of Granada. The question of the withdrawal of volunteers from Spain was discussed by Count Dino Grandi, the Italian Ambassador, and the Earl of Plymouth, chairman of the Non-Intervention Committee. An editorial by Virginio Gayda in the *Giornale d'Italia* asserted that the Loyalists are receiving constant aid from France. A hundred trucks leave Marseilles daily and two hundred more pass through on their way to Spain from other points in France. Two hundred pilots are being trained by a French captain at Montpellier and two hundred and fifty more are receiving instruction near Bordeaux. Great Britain threatened swift retaliation against the Nationalist government for attacks on her shipping by submarines and airplanes. * * * The Soviet Union found it necessary to lower the daily production quotas in important branches of heavy industry. * * * Chile's proposals for substantial revision of the League covenant failed to receive general support. * * * Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain announced in the House of Commons that the nucleus of a British department of propaganda had been established to "spread a better understanding of this country and the British people abroad."

* * * *

Housing.—Rules and regulations are being formulated to expedite multi-family and group housing programs under the Amended National Housing Act which President Roosevelt recently signed. The program is divided into two main parts, one designed to promote construction of large-scale projects covered by mortgages up to $5,000,000 and the other to encourage building of smaller developments covered by mortgages ranging from $16,000 to $200,000. Mortgages will be insured not only on multi-family structures but also upon developments consisting of single-family houses. Under this provision it will be possible for developers to obtain blanket mortgage financing, including funds advanced for construction, on groups of single-family houses, and then sell them on

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convenient payment plans or rent them as they see fit. The large-scale housing program is aimed primarily to promote the construction of housing facilities for wage-earning and salaried families who, by preference or necessity, live in rented dwellings. Such families make up the great majority of the urban population and thus constitute the largest market for new housing.

Equal Rights.—Senate Judiciary Committee hearings on the Equal Rights Amendment, which was first proposed fourteen years ago, were enlivened by testimony from a great variety of witnesses. It is another vague, blanket proposal extremely difficult of actualization. It reads, "Women shall have equal rights with men in the United States and every place subject to its jurisdiction." Monsignor John A. Ryan, director of the Social Action Department of the N.C.W.C., characterized it as "anti-social" and maintained that it would cancel protective legislation for women in industry. He favored the enactment of state laws to assure equal rights for women on questions of control of children, property and residence. Agnes Regan of the National Council of Catholic Women contended that the amendment was sponsored by a small group of women, while the great majority of national women's organizations was opposed to it. Senator William E. Borah declared, "When you say that women have a right to do the same work as men, you utterly ignore the differences that God Almighty made." Mrs. Gifford Pinchot, who characterized the proposal as "sentimental feminism," declared that women needed protective legislation far more than men, partly because of their inability to organize successfully. She cited figures to show that although one of every four men employed in American industry is a member of a union, only one out of every eighteen women so employed are union members.

China.—Chinese resistance against the two Japanese columns converging on Suchow from the North and South has been so determined that the forces of the Rising Sun are reported to be resorting to an attack on the western flank of the 400,000 defenders. The city of Kweiteh, 90 miles west of Suchow, is the new objective. If it can be invested and the Nipponese can turn the Chinese flank, the defenders of Suchow will be cut off from the interior and the important rail center is doomed. Other fronts were relatively inactive aside from scattered reports of guerilla fighting. At Canton a Japanese-inspired uprising was immediately suppressed. Chinese were reported to be returning to normal pursuits in cities like Nanking and Tsingtao. Continued Japanese successes have led to panic in Hankow, one of the provisional capitals, and inhabitants were fleeing. It was reported that General Chiang had received a year's supply of munitions, which had been transported from Czechoslovakia to Hongkong and thence to Hankow. The Japanese War Minister told the Diet's Budget Committee that rearmament plans would have to be stepped up to keep pace with the Soviet Union. The International Red Cross has notified its branches in sixty-two nations of the critical conditions in China. Dr. Louis Calame, official Red Cross representative for China, predicted an unprecedented calamity of famine and epidemics if substantial assistance were not forthcoming. Contributions for Chinese civilian relief from the New York area are meager. Monsignor John O'Grady, secretary of the National Conference of Catholic Charities, made a strong appeal for aid in a radio address.

Relief. — A special message was expected from the President asking Congress for a deficiency appropriation to provide money for more relief. The $1,200,000,000 first provided for the fiscal year is proving too little in the face of increased unemployment. A delegation of mayors told Washington that the WPA can now employ only 2,000,000 unemployed men, but that there is desperate need for 3,000,000 relief jobs in the various cities. While the trend toward greater federal relief went on, the "little business" men embodied in their suggestions for reform a request that the administration of and responsibility for relief be returned as quickly as possible to local communities. With the PWA beginning again to allocate money for construction projects, the Institute of Public Opinion announced that the public is 63 percent opposed to public works expansion. On the other side has grown up a demand for increased self-liquidating government building projects. Thirty-one of the "radical" Republicans called on the President and presented a long program, including a plan for huge, long-term, self-liquidating public works. The administration was said to be definitely against further "made work," but definitely favorable to work financed by government money and credit on "new wealth" projects, especially toll highways and bridges, rural electrification and conservation work. In line with this, Senator Bulkley introduced a bill to create a United States Highway Corporation to build ten self-liquidating toll superhighways, three east and west, seven north and south, at an eventual cost of from $6,000,000,000 to $8,000,000,000.

Mexico.—Reports of the revolt of the Gold Shirts which flared up in the columns of the secular press for several days appear to have been somewhat exaggerated. The unrest in northeastern Mexico ascribed to the lay-off of workers on a government dam project and dissatisfaction arising from the land reform program together with the condition of the national treasury has not resulted in an organized uprising of any proportions. Frank Kluckhohn, New York *Times* correspondent, cabled from Matamoras that the government had things well in hand. Pursuit planes from Tampico and Monterrey, squadrons of federal cavalry and troops to reinforce the local garrisons were maintaining order. Despite the large silver purchases of the United States and the higher tariff duties which have been in force since January 18 the metallic reserves of the Bank of Mexico have not increased in a period of three weeks. President Cárdenas has settled the dispute between the opposing unions of textile workers in Orizaba, which had caused the deaths of several workers and the threat of a general strike. Three hundred members of the Mexican Army, which numbers 38 divi-

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sion generals and 40,000 officers and soldiers, have issued a manifesto endorsing the new National Front of Peasants and Workers. This party has requested President Cárdenas to find out why the Ministry of Education has reduced the number of night schools from 80 to 40.

Non-Catholic Religious Activities.—Mindful of the words of President Roosevelt that "no greater thing could come to our land today than a revival of the spirit of religion," the 200 Protestant clergymen who make up the Washington Ministerial Union have launched a drive for "the revival and invigoration of those Christian virtues which undergird our national institutions." In accordance with the resolutions adopted by the union, a committee of twenty-one members has been appointed to meet with the Secretary of Commerce and other leading Americans in conferences on methods. The first meeting was February 4. * * * Dr. Everett R. Clinchy, director of the National Conference of Jews and Christians, recently announced on behalf of the co-chairmen of the organization, Professor Carlton J. H. Hayes and Roger W. Straus, that Arthur H. Compton, professor of physicis at the University of Chicago and Nobel Prize winner in 1927, has been appointed to the place of co-chairman left vacant by the death of Newton D. Baker. * * * For the first time in history, members attending the recent Convocation of York, England, heard an address by a minister who is not a member of the Church of England. Upon invitation of the Archbishop of York, the Reverend M. E. Aubrey, moderator of the Federal Council of the Evangelical Free Churches, addressed the assembly. Mr. Aubrey, who is also secretary of the Baptist Union of England and Wales, was invited by the Archbishop in accordance with a resolution passed in 1934 by both the Convocations of Canterbury and York.

Catholic Students.—During the week-end of February 5, the New York Province of the Federation of College Catholic Clubs held its nineteenth annual convention in New York City, with 2,500 in attendance. Members of 27 Newman Clubs in 19 secular colleges were present. In the addresses and discussion periods several hundred college students and recent graduates offered criticisms of the manner in which the Church and its parishes are conducted. They also offered suggestions to correct conditions criticized. Seven different papers were read by the students on subjects ranging from bingo to novenas. Charles M. Schwartz, associate editor of the *Newman News,* declared that it was impossible for the Church to maintain an isolated position today, saying, "The world demands that we shall meet and work with others." All these talks were given from the viewpoint of "the pew looks at the pulpit." After Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral, where 2,000 received Communion, 1,500 club members gathered at the Waldorf-Astoria where Father John P. Monaghan, one of the founders of the Labor College at Fordham University and chaplain of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, addressed them on labor's privilege to demand its rights. Warning that the working masses must have such essentials as a decent living wage or they would take them, "in a very terrible way," he urged the Church to follow the advice given by Pope Leo XIII, "the workingman's Pope, more than forty years ago, and to organize labor into unions with Catholic principles." Father Monaghan said those who had controlled business in this country had been good and respectable men, "but the philosophy of life which guided them was immoral." Whatever reason there may be for the failure of the Church to give the proper leadership to labor or for the "snobbish" attitude of members of the non-laboring class, he said, it has "no justification in the Catholic Church in America; we owe very little to wealth. We owe everything to the working man."

Italy and Peace.—There has been considerable controversy recently between *l'Osservatore Romano* and the new Italian apologists for war, who surpass their master, Gentile, who at the time of the March on Rome justified the policy of violence in the name of Hegelian idealism. A special correspondent of *l'Aube* chronicles this controversy and quotes the following as a sample of their ideas: "The State absorbs the warlike passions which exist in the soul of every citizen, thus permitting them to live peaceably within their national boundaries; but it transfers, it mobilizes all these passions to direct them toward war in the interest of the community." In the eyes of the Vatican City daily this is a policy of thrusting peoples into the fiery furnace "for theoretic ideas which correspond to neither their spiritual nor their material interests, which ends in placing the barracks before the Church and the school and which drives on to seek security not in right but in might, under which our civilization is in danger of being smothered." *L'Osservatore* recalls the Church's condemnation of the sources of these ideas, the gospel of Nietzsche's Zarathustra, and in reasserting the traditional Christian doctrine on war and peace, it cites the history of the present as a proof of the "atrocity of wars and the barrenness of victory." To quote *l'Aube* in this connection, "Pacifism—and we give an accurate résumé of these excellent articles—is so little absurd for the Christian that it constitutes for him not only a moral duty but a religious duty. Christianity has introduced into the history of civilization the new idea of peace as a duty. . . . We must replace the Roman precept, 'If you wish for peace prepare for war,' by the Christian precept, 'If you desire peace prepare for peace.'" In the words of *l'Osservatore,* "Peace is the essential condition for spiritual progress, without which there is neither nobility nor dignity of life."

Labor.—The Executive Council of the A.F.L. expelled from the federation the United Mine Workers, the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers and the Flat Glass Workers. The other C.I.O. unions were left with their ambiguous link to the A.F.L. "as a matter of policy." John L. Lewis said: "The action is unimportant and without significance." * * * Mr. C. M. Baker, foe of the C.I.O., was running way ahead of Mr. Charles P. Howard, secretary of the C.I.O. and incumbent, in the nation-wide voting for president of the Typographical Union. Most

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of the cities where the C.I.O. secretary was leading are in the South. * * * The NLRB was again a center of debate. Senator Burke led the attack in Washington, and he was answered there by J. Warren Madden, chairman of the board, who declared that the Senator's charges were based on "misinformation, half-truths and trivialities." * * * The discussion about Communists in unions raged on after the Mine Workers barred them from membership. Senator Copeland led an attack on Harry Bridges, leader of the West Coast maritime unions, demanding his deportation. Mr. Bridges was widely accused of being a spearhead of Stalinism. President Martin, beleaguered president of the Automobile Workers, declared Communist propaganda to be as dangerous as that of Nazism or Fascism, and said that he personally thought that Communists should not be barred from membership, but that no unions should "entrust the destiny of a labor organization to those who would use it for political purposes. . . . The way to fight Communists in the unions is to follow a progressive, intelligent program."

Les Habitants.—Eighteen Eastern Canadian bishops, including all the ordinaries with sees in Quebec, issued a **pastoral letter describing with telling** realism the condition of the Catholic farmers of the region and proposing means of improving that condition. Giving a happy picture of what rural life might be, the bishops conclude, "Let us admit it, this happiness is not the common thing; and if we do not strive to reestablish rural economy on a more stable equilibrium there is even the menace of its total disappearance." They point out that the country's efforts at economic improvement have relatively slighted farmers and show the real and fancied advantages of city and industrial life which have brought a condition where less than 33 percent in the province may be called agriculturists and the exodus to the cities is far from being stopped. Then they insist that all classes of society must respect agriculture at its real worth, and that farm children and farmers in general develop a comprehension of the dignity of farming and an esteem for it as it can and should be. A change of state of mind is first need. The second is the development of rural education. The agriculturist must realize its necessity in order to carry on their work as a genuine profession and they must cooperate with each other and with the State in the development of proper schools. The need of post-school intellectual work through study clubs and reading is dwelt upon. The farmers are exhorted to develop the beauty and taste of their homes in ways that require more energy than money. The most pressing need is given as cooperative association and union. The past excessive individualism and isolation of farmers has been conducive to envy, trickery and grave injustices. The successful have not helped others, political partizanship has excited the passions, markets have been lost, potentialities for all sorts of betterment unrealized. Specific organizations, La Jeunesse Agricole Catholique and the Union Catholique des Cultivateurs, are recommended. The good possible from professional association is dwelt upon at length. Finally the bishops say that the remedies indicated, honest and efficacious though they may be, are still human and so fallible. The deepest cause of the crisis is of the moral and religious order.

Universities at War.—The thirty-second annual report of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching revealed that colleges today operate in constant fear of losing tuition-paying students and are engaged in fierce competitive rivalry to maintain and increase enrolments. Institutions were warned that high-pressure recruiting tactics—inflated claims of excellence, "high-powered" public relations counselors, field agents, mountains of alluring advertising—will bring their own punishment. For several months a university president kept a record of the "educational news" printed in the Sunday edition of a metropolitan newspaper. He found that almost all the "stories" about institutional activities laid claim to the newness of the enterprise. The observation was made that the college which rests its case on doing something new or adopting some gadget of the moment would do well to consider the long road it must travel. Fortunate will be the college, the report declared, that knows what it can do and that has educated its constituency to a recognition of its institutional capacities and its institutional integrity. Such a college can be confident of an honorable future. Colleges are means, not ends.

Pilot Fatigue.—Airplane crashes of recent years, of which more than 50 percent have been attributed to "pilot error," were traced recently to "pilot fatigue" in a report made to the transport section of the Institute of Aeronautical Sciences at its closing session in Columbia University. The report was made, with the approval of the Chief of the Air Corps of the United States Army, by Captain Harry G. Armstrong, M.D., director of the Air Corps at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio. Captain Armstrong told them his findings were not based on opinion but on data collected from a study of army and commercial pilots since 1934. "The human element is relatively the weakest link," Captain Armstrong reported, "because too much has been expected of it. A pilot begins his career in good physical condition, with an exceptionally stable mental and emotional system. Yet, in one study, 11 percent of all pilots and 50 percent of all those who had reached the age of thirty were suffering some form of functional neurosis or nervous breakdown. And physical breakdown resulted in retirement ten years earlier than expected. In a large aircraft there is more to do in the cockpit than can reasonably be expected of anybody, without the possibility of error, especially under adverse conditions. He reported in detail on the cumulative effects of wind, cold, eye-strain, noise, vibration, carbon monoxide from the engines and eight other causes of chronic exhaustion and added that pilots deny they are harmful. "Yet," he said, "despite the Department of Commerce regulation more than a year ago cutting down a pilot's allowable flying time to ninety hours a month, crashes continue to occur and are ascribed to 'pilot error,' and the pilots continue to complain of fatigue and pilot pushing."

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The Play and Screen

Bachelor Born

THOSE who enjoy *Punch* will enjoy "Bachelor Born"; many others will enjoy it who never read *Punch* but do read the *New Yorker*—though it is very different from the *New Yorker*. Ian Hay's play is a very English comedy about a very English public school. Its humor is quiet, the atmosphere of the well-bred permeates all that is said and done, virtue is not set on its head nor vice exalted into virtue; it is kindly, gently witty, far from epoch-making, but very, very charming. It will not be as big a hit as "You Can't Take It with You," but it will be a hit, and Milton Shubert is to be congratulated on producing it and with such an admirable cast: with Frederick Leister as the housemaster, Aubrey Mather as his schoolmaster friend, Philip Tonge as the pedantic headmaster, Helen Trenholme and Peggy Simpson as the two young girls, Bertram Tanswell as Old Crump, Jane Stirling and Lester Lonergan III. Under the guiding eye of Mr. Leister they play together beautifully, and make what some ardent up-to-the-minute souls would call the unimportant none the less appealing for being that. One of the biggest laughs of the season greeted the master's description of rowing as "eight men in an insecure boat, facing one way and progressing another," and the reply, "They ought to join the government." You will like "Bachelor Born." (At the Morosco Theatre.)

On Borrowed Time

PAUL OSBORN'S dramatization of Lawrence Edward Watkin's novel has moments of rare beauty, much racy humor, and is magnificently acted. The story is original and moving. It deals with the love of a grandfather for his grandson, and of the boy's returning of that love. I shall not tell the plot, as it would spoil the pleasure of those who wish to see it, but it has to do with a gentleman who calls himself Mr. Brink, and who is really Death, and the efforts of the grandfather to put off his death so that he may save his beloved grandson from being brought up by an aunt whom he hates. Despite moments of sheer farce the play as a rule holds to the vein of fantastic comedy, with an end which despite its superficial tragedy has an uplifting beauty. There is something in it of the spirit of Barrie, but Barrie would never have disfigured some of the scenes between the grandfather and the boy with lines of blasphemy. Though intended to be funny, and bringing laughs from the audience, they stultify the spirit of the characters and do nothing to further the idea. It is a pity, for without them "On Borrowed Time" would be one of the most fanciful and delightful plays of recent seasons. The relation between the old man and the boy is too exquisitely conceived to admit of the heavy hand of farce. Aside from these moments, however, "On Borrowed Time" is both human and spiritual.

The grandfather is played by Dudley Digges, and the boy, at least when I saw it, by Peter Holden. They are two of the most beautiful performances of the year. Mr. Digges has done nothing better. He is tender, earthy, humorous, whimsical, redolent of the small New England town. Master Holden, aged seven, is a joy, natural, high-spirited, and at the crucial moments touched with the wand of tragedy. May his talents be saved from the pit of Hollywood! Frank Conroy as Mr. Brink recalls the lines of the poet who referred to death as "gentle." His Death is truly a considerate and sympathetic gentleman. Excellent performances are also given by Dorothy Stickney, Jean Adair, Clyde Franklin and Richard Sterling, and Joshua Logan's direction is sensitive. "On Borrowed Time" is on the whole a very touching and imaginative fantasy. (At the Longacre Theatre.)

GRENVILLE VERNON.

The Goldwyn Follies

THE HIGHLIGHT of approaching motion picture entertainment is a musical: Samuel Goldwyn's "Goldwyn Follies," a glitteringly lavish performance, in which the usual "hotcha" aspects of song-and-dance are submerged with the beauty of display. Mr. Goldwyn outdoes Goldwyn, and he spent some $2,000,000 to accomplish it, succeeding purely from the standpoint of the bizarre in musical pretentiousness, and not necessarily from the standpoint of a play, remembering his "Dodsworth," "Dead End," "Stella Dallas" and others.

There are many high points in "The Goldwyn Follies," starting with the first motion picture appearances of Helen Jepson and Charles Kullman of the Metropolitan Opera, and of Vera Zorina, premiere ballerina of the Ballet Russe, not forgetting Charlie McCarthy and his ventriloquist sponsor, Edgar Bergen. Too, there are Adolphe Menjou, the madcap Ritz Brothers, Kenny Baker, Phil Baker, the Goldwyn Girls, George Balanchine and his Metropolitan Opera ballet. It is in full Technicolor, the first "big spectacle" of music to be so made.

The story, while not pretentious, is adequate as a framework for its "behind the scenes of Hollywood" setting. Adolphe Menjou, as a film producer, hires a "Miss Humanity," in the person of Andrea Leeds, who comes from the hinterlands and is supposedly infallible in her judgment of what the public will appreciate in screen plays. The producer falls in love with her. She falls in love with Kenny Baker, a hamburger stand attendant who can sing, maneuvers him into the leading rôle in a picture and the producer out of her affections. There is plenty of high comedy, sumptuous spectacle, and absorbing music and dance, in the Ziegfeld formula. Goldwyn uses the best of materials and talent in sheer artistry, vocal and terpsichorean. But there is entirely too little of Edgar Bergen and his dummy.

Ben Hecht wrote the story and screen play, and much of the music is by the late George Gershwin—melodious, all of it. The Ritz Brothers' specialties and songs are by Sid Kuller and Ray Golden. Comedy sequences were written by Sam Perrin and Arthur Phillips. The ballet sequences, as executed by George Balanchine, are beautiful, particularly Zorina's "Water Nymph," in which she makes her entrance from the depths of a lily pool, giving the illusion of a true water sprite.

JAMES P. CUNNINGHAM.

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Communications

THE GEORGIAN PLAN

Clifton, N. J.

TO the Editor: The letter of Mr. John Harrington in your issue of January 21, setting forth the effectiveness of Henry George's economic philosophy as a solution of the unemployment problem, is about as fine a bit of work done in so limited a space as I have seen in many years. Of course, it is impossible to say in a couple of columns what it took Henry George 500 pages to say.

The Georgian philosophy is based on "the law and the prophets," as well as upon the wise King Solomon's dictum, that "the profit of the earth is for all." Why should men necessarily depend on a master to hire them in order to work for a living? Look about the world and see the oceans of work waiting to be done if we want to make this earth the garden it ought to be, the garden that God wills that we should make it, the homes of happy and prosperous families giving thanks for His bounties, instead of the shambles and wastes which to a large degree we have made and are making of it! Make work? Rather we should demand, as Moses demanded of Pharaoh, "Let my people go!" and they will find for themselves the work, the best-paying work of which they are capable, as they work for one another by industry and trade, the finest and most efficient form of cooperation.

Trade should be as free as industry itself—the industry of which trade is an integral part. In a material sense, trade is the genesis and life of civilization. Without it no one could have anything except what he made with his own unaided hands—a condition of the most primitive savagery. By trade men began to cooperate and be civilized. To extend trade is to broaden and deepen civilization. To restrain or restrict it is to narrow civilization, and if carried too far may destroy it as it starves the economic life of the nation. We have already restricted trade to a dangerous degree, as may be seen in the present state of the world, in which whole nations, which in their ignorance have flouted and ignored the social or economic laws of God, are denying even the existence of God.

The letter of Reverend Peter Moran, C.S.P., in the February 4 issue, sketching the career of Dr. Edward McGlynn, is balm to my heart, as might be expected in the author of "Rebel, Priest and Prophet," for that priest, who in my non-Catholic eyes was the greatest priest of the nineteenth century, cherished the Georgian philosophy as "a place to make room at God's table for all God's children—and He has no step-children."

Apropos of my book, it grieves me that some Catholic reviewers seem to regard it as to some extent an attack on the Catholic Church. It is nothing of the kind, and though I am not of the Catholic faith, I resent the imputation that I am anti-Catholic. My criticisms or "attacks" are aimed not at the Church, which is truly the repository of divine truth, but at those who, to my mind, have misrepresented its spirit and who for several years succeeded in putting the organization in a false position before the world—a position which the observation of the real issue in the great controversy of half a century ago tends to perpetuate.

Far be it from me to desire any part in a religious controversy—I have absorbed too much of the spirit of Father McGlynn for that. As the Hebrew prophet Hosea asked, "What doth the Lord require of thee, O man, but to do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with thy God?"

The Georgian economic philosophy is but an adaptation of the Mosaic social laws to modern conditions, and to my mind is the only antidote for Communism presently available.

STEPHEN BELL.

Convent Station, N. J.

TO the Editor: The lengthy letter on the above subject in the January 21 issue of THE COMMONWEAL shows that some Catholics still ardently support the land theories of Henry George. Yet they do this in face of a majority opposition of Catholic economists to the plan, not only for ethical reasons, but on practical economic grounds. Then, too, it must be difficult for them to reconcile their position with the clear words of Leo XIII's "Rerum Novarum": "Man not only should possess the fruits of the earth but also the very soil."

Readers will find a very able exposition of the economic and ethical objections to the Georgist theories in an article by the foremost British Catholic economist, Rev. Lewis Watt, S.J., in the March, 1937, issue of the Irish quarterly review, *Studies*.

EVA J. ROSS.

HAITI VS. SANTO DOMINGO

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: In reply to Mr. Daniel's communication regarding my article "Haiti vs. Santo Domingo," I should like to repeat that racial animosity *is* at the bottom of the present disturbances. Not only is there enmity between blacks and whites but there are marked feelings of hostility among the various half-breed groups both in Haiti and Santo Domingo. I do not see how anyone who has spent any time in Hispaniola can deny this fact.

I acknowledge that the recent outrages were occasioned by the attempt of Haitians to find employment in the larger area of Santo Domingo; I said as much in my article in THE COMMONWEAL of January 7. But to reduce the present difficulties to a mere economic common denominator is an oversimplification of the issue, which is an absurdity to the student of West Indies affairs.

Behind the scenes both in Haiti and Santo Domingo stalks the specter of race hatred, to which the record of the last one hundred and fifty years unfortunately testifies. The sooner this fact is recognized not only by blacks and whites but by the various in-between shades of color as well, the better it will be for all concerned. Not until this race hatred is eradicated will economic and other difficulties cease to disturb relations between the two countries and to divide the whole island into several warring groups.

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This was brought out as far back as 1834 when Bishop John England, of Charleston, South Carolina, first American Apostolic Delegate to Haiti, made his report to Pope Gregory XVI. It was reaffirmed in 1842 by Bishop Joseph Rosati, C.M., of St. Louis, Missouri, the second American to go to Haiti in the interest of the Holy See.

It is evident that Mr. Daniel has not seen the manuscript collection of the Sacred Congregation de Propaganda Fide dealing with Central America and the Antilles. These important documents reveal the deeper causes of conflict in Hispaniola and provide the key to a more complete understanding of the present affair. An examination of them would undoubtedly cause Mr. Daniel to revise his opinions until they would be more in agreement with those of students of West Indian history who have not been carried away to general conclusions by isolated instances, no matter how important they might seem to be.

Rev. Joseph B. Code.

HARD-BOILED SENTIMENTALIST

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Mr. John Merton, reviewer of "Woollcott's Second Reader" in the January 28 number of The Commonweal, writes that some of Mr. Woollcott's "comments on the pieces in this anthology, when not mere frothy chatter, are as absurd as his judgment that Hemingway is the supreme stylist now writing in English."

Had Mr. Merton read more closely page 658, in Mr. Woollcott's afterword on Hemingway's "Big Two-Hearted River," his sentence above might not have been so inaccurate and unkind.

It is clear that Mr. Merton is reading into Woollcott's mind. Woollcott does not express "his judgment that Hemingway is the supreme stylist now writing in English." Mr. Woollcott merely observes that "there is a considerable number who recognize the author . . . [Hemingway] as the supreme stylist writing today in the English language."

There is a marked difference as you can very well see. In fairness to Mr. Woollcott this erroneous inference of the reviewer should be corrected.

Steven S. Blair, jr.

OUR LITERARY INTELLECTUALS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: John Abbot Clark's "Our Literary Intellectuals" (Commonweal, January 21, 1938), though not always clear, is interesting. But I must take exception to his treatment of T. S. Eliot, which is perhaps even more "shabby" than Mr. Eliot's treatment of Irving Babbitt in the "Humanism of Irving Babbitt" ("Essays Ancient and Modern," page 75). Mr. Clark considers Mr. Eliot's treatment of Babbitt "high-handed . . . pettily Olympian."

The only remark in Mr. Eliot's essay that may be so considered is his suggestion that Mr. Babbitt knew too much (page 91). But when he suggests that Mr. Babbitt's "humanistic civilization" is not feasible, he is only saying in another way what Paul Elmer More came to feel, that Mr. Babbitt's non-theological humanism provided "no ultimate defense against humanitarian assaults" (see "More's Christology," by G. R. Elliott, *American Review*, April, 1937, page 44). For Mr. Eliot says (page 89) that there would be a collapse into a poorly disguised humanitarianism. (In fairness I must say that I have read almost nothing by Babbitt.)

Mr. Eliot points out that humanism is an attitude subsidiary or accessory to the religious viewpoint. Again (page 86) he takes exception to Babbitt's enthusiasm for modernity and experimentation. He wonders what the few intelligent members of society are going to control themselves for (page 85), when commenting upon Babbitt's inner check.

Mr. Eliot insists that humanism cannot be made into a religion; that it is ancillary to religion. Babbitt's weakness lay in the fact that he did not move to the position which Mr. More took as his own.

Was Mr. Eliot unfair to Tennyson (Op. cit., page 186)? Where is the "snobbery and priggishness" which, I assume, Mr. Clark means for a comment upon Mr. Eliot and others?

There is no doubt that T. S. Eliot is a brilliant writer; and I suspect that what Mr. Clark takes for snobbery is really acute sensibility. I may be badly mistaken, but T. S. Eliot does not impress me as being either high-handed or snobbish.

Charles William Phillips.

A PLEA FOR PATTERNS

Bridgeport, Conn.

TO the Editor: All power to the pen of Blanche Jennings Thompson for her splendid article, "A Plea for Patterns," in the January 14 Commonweal. I wish her thoughts could have the widest possible circulation.

So many American homes, Catholic as well as non-Catholic, seem to have little responsibility for the maintenance of spiritual patterns for their children, who "are bewildered and hungry for spiritual guidance." Such children lack discipline, they are soft, one feels they will be tossed about by every passing fad, as they go through life, "always running after some new thing." So many parents are leaving moral instruction to the Church and to the school, neither of which can possibly take the place of a father and a mother who love each other and who are trying to live the good life by example as well as precept. We school teachers know whereof Miss Thompson speaks.

Mary E. Kenney.

Editor's Note: In the letter on Dr. Edward McGlynn, page 408 of the February 4 issue, the sentence, "On May 26, 1870, Father Preston wrote from Rome," should have read, "On May 26, 1870, Cardinal McCloskey wrote from Rome." We regret this error.

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Books

Chris's Cressida

The Trojan Horse, by Christopher Morley. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.50.

THOUGH this is not a very commendable performance, it nevertheless has merits that should be acknowledged. However willing the author has been to misuse his talent, that talent remains in evidence in "The Trojan Horse." Christopher Morley is, even in his worst moments, clever, and, at his best, achieves something better than cleverness. The scenes written in blank verse occasionally have real beauty and power, and the following lines strike a note that would have done credit to all except the very greatest of the Jacobean and Caroline poets:

> "Under Zeus' immortal nod
> I am passion undefiled:
> I, the child that is a god
> And the god that is a child."

But having said as much, and having granted several passages to be excellent prose, one must deplore the jazzing up that has cheapened one of the most lovely stories in the world. There can be no valid objection to a retelling of Chaucer's "Troilus and Criseyde" in modern terms, so long as new implications are drawn from it. But there are none here, unless it be that of the Trojan Horse as a symbol of "power, the useful brute," getting beyond control, of machines and science mastering men—and this symbol is left so vague that few readers are likely to know what it stands for.

Morley tells the epic of the ten years' war as though it were a kind of football game with Priam as head coach of the Trojan Terrors. Sarpedon becomes Sarpedoni, the levantine keeper of a night-club, Dares, an English butler, complete down to his dropped aspirates, and Dictys the Cretan (Chaucer's "Dictes") appears as Miss Dictes, the secretary of the war profiteer Pandarus. Chaucer's moving pathos,

> "Lo, yonder is myn owene lady free,
> Or ellis yonder, ther the tentes be.
> And thennes comth this eyr, that is so soote,
> That in my soule I fele it doth me boote,"

is retained, though with its force half lost, in Morley's, "Even the wind is coming from her direction." Similarly the Chaucerian,

> "O paleys, whylom croune of houses alle . . .
> O ring, fro which the ruby is out-falle . . .
> And fare-well shryne, of which the seynt is oute!"

dwindles to, "When I come off duty I just hang about Epsilon Street and look up at her windows." And Criseyde's touching cry:

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"But syn I se ther is no bettre way,
And that to late is now for me to rewe,
To Diomede algate I wol be trewe"

becomes, "I suppose you have to be faithful to someone, sooner or later. Later. I wonder if D. would be a good one to be faithful to. Probably not . . . the big roughneck." In only one place is an improvement effected; this is when Cressida bursts out with, "O damn you, I'm sold, now shut up. . . . Better not try to make me love you, I might be so everlastingly faithful you'd never get rid of me."

Travesty is a legitimate form of literature, as Scarron demonstrated; Morley, however, is the line of descent from "The Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur" and John Erskine's perpetrations. The dedication of "The Trojan Horse": "To G. C.: Come Back and All Will Be Forgiven," leads one to say that a man so gifted as Morley, and with so fine a taste for literature, is not likely, when he looks back upon his lapse, to forgive himself.

JOHN SULLIVAN.

Child Guidance

Childhood, The Beginning Years and Beyond; edited by the Association for Childhood Education. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Five Volumes. $19.50.

THIS miniature library covers many of the problems of infancy and childhood. It is an invaluable aid to those who realize that child training necessitates adequate parent preparation and coordination with modern school method. The five volumes will serve as a profitable and enjoyable supplement to the counsel of the physician and educator.

Volume I, "Health: Physical, Mental and Emotional," is the work of two eminent physicians, Richard M. Smith and Douglas A. Thom. It is simply written for the lay mind but detailed and thoroughly indexed so as to provide a ready reference work for the parent's understanding of the child's growth in physical powers, mental attitudes, and emotional responses. In addition to furnishing guidance in the usual problems of feeding, sleep, cleanliness and exercise, the book discusses illnesses, behavior problems, undesirable habits, emergencies, and individual differences.

Volume II, "Play: The Child's Response to Life," is a remarkably complete book with an abundance of ideas on indoor and outdoor play, play equipment, its structure and use, quiet games, games for invalids, toys and their selection. The authors, Rose Alschuler and Christine Heinig, possess the knowledge and experience to make this work an authoritative and interesting one. They have prepared exhaustive lists of suggestions for birthday parties, furnishing and decoration of the child's playroom, trips, picnics, excursions and so forth. Activities, games and equipment are evaluated in terms of their contribution to the child's all-around development.

Volume III, "Nature: The Child Goes Forth," is the work of a teacher of science, Bertha Stevens. Descriptive chapters, with the aid of adequate drawings and photographs, explain the wonders of the universe. Special attention is given to the problem presented by the city child with his limited environment. The book successfully bridges the gap between the science textbook and the parent's own informal understanding of nature.

Volume IV, "Stories and Verse," is a collection of short stories, adaptations from well-loved children's books, Mother Goose rhymes and modern verse. The compilation was made by Mary Lincoln Morse, assisted by others of the Committee on Literature of the Association. This book may be recommended as an outstanding collection in that it provides a subject index, includes traditional and contemporary selections, arranges stories in order of maturity, chooses verse that will appeal to the little child, suggests methods of story-telling and introduction of reading material with children, and adds a very helpful bibliography. The fine illustrations must be mentioned as enhancing materially the value of the book.

Volume V, "Songs from Many Lands," differs in make-up from the other volumes of the set. It is a lie-down or stand-up book for the music rack or the toddler's carefully washed hands. Thomas Whitney Surette, the compiler, has selected songs representing the various interests of the child and covering his year-round activities, the festival days, and folk songs from all over the world. The musical arrangements by Kathleen Uhler are suitable to the material selected and simple enough for the youthful amateur musician. The introduction by the author contains some splendid hints for the appreciation of music.

The aim of these five worthy books was to provide practical guidance for little children. This reviewer is content to say that they admirably fulfil this requirement.

JOHN J. O'CONNOR.

A Brilliant Household

Three Rossettis; edited by Janet Camp Troxell. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. $3.50.

MRS. TROXELL'S collection of Rossetti material, unique in this country and comparable to any in England, forms the basis of this beautifully printed volume. The facts presented are derived from letters written by the Rossettis and received by them between 1850 and 1903. Few of the letters received by Dante Gabriel and Christina in that period are now in existence since neither brother nor sister believed in preserving them. Hence, the volume contains such rare items as letters from Rossetti's wife, Elizabeth Siddal, to her husband, others from Holman Hunt revealing an affection and admiration for Rossetti which, by the time he came to write his memories, had given away to envy and even to detraction. Here, too, is the first publication in full of the celebrated letter from the autocratic Ruskin to Rossetti about which Rossetti later said, "He wrote me an incredible letter . . . remaining mine respectfully (! !) and wanting to call." Mrs. Troxell presents fourteen letters rich with details of his poems and paintings during the years 1868-1871 written by Rossetti to

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an elderly lady named Miss Losh who generously made the mistake of loaning him money which he never repaid her.

The story of the exhumation of Rossetti's poems in manuscript which in an hour of self-abasement he had placed in his wife's coffin is presented here with the poet's letters to the Home Secretary who authorized the opening of the grave and the bill for two guineas from the funeral company that did the work. Mrs. Troxell devotes an arresting chapter to Gabriel's intense interest in Christina's poetry which reveals not only his business instinct for getting her verse favorably before the public but also his unquestioning acceptance of the rôle of monitor (not always skilfully played) which she conferred on him.

William Michael Rossetti, the family wheel-horse, receives here his due at last. Of all the brilliant household he most nearly fulfilled the wish expressed by his mother toward the end of her days: "I always had a passion for intellect," she wrote, "and my wish was that my husband should be distinguished for intellect and my children, too. I have had my wish; and I now wish that there were a little less intellect in the family, so as to allow for a little more common sense."

In this attractive volume Mrs. Troxell has performed a twofold service: she has let us share in her own splendid collection of original material and she has lent point and coherence to it by judicious quotations from other sources.

JOSEPH J. REILLY.

In Search of Profit

The History of the Business Man, by Miriam Beard. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.00.

THE BOOK looks formidable. "That's for scholars," remarks the ordinary reader until he tries a page or two and soon is rushing headlong through the chapters. The author has diligently assembled an abundance of curious information, but she must have rested before beginning to write, for there is in the sprightly pages no such indication of weariness as characterizes too many research reports. This is the story of the business man, not of business; it is not the sort of thing one expects from the Brookings Institution.

There are many surprises. We think the big business man is a new figure, since the industrial revolution, perhaps; but we read that he always lived in the world and was always much like he is today. If we admire the courage of the business man of today, we learn that his ancestors spent millions for ships to sail to unknown lands, perhaps never to return; if we are amazed by the greatness of General Motors we read that the East India Company had "half the world in its charter"; if we fear the power of utility holding companies we find that ancient trading corporations made laws, collected taxes, declared war, coined money, maintained navies; if we are shocked by extravagant modern advertising we discover that early European coffee merchants promised that coffee was "good against sore eyes, excellent to prevent and cure the dropsy,

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gout and scurvy." The author merely tells about the business man and neither condemns nor deifies him.

She might be more respectful here and there toward Capuchins and Jesuits but then, she doesn't respect anybody else either.

The book might be still more convincing if written in a straightforward style, and if there were footnotes. But the author's manner of cheerful cynicism is much more amusing, and it would be a shame to omit such hilarious features as the descriptions of trade association conventions on pages 729 and 731.

C. J. FREUND.

Panorama

Landmarks of Economic Thought, by John M. Ferguson. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $1.00.

LIKE a well-proportioned book of travel, this work may be profitably read either before a journey into the development of economic thought or after the trip is finished. Thus, for the business man lately awakened from an easy-profits lethargy into a belated interest in economic principles, it is an invaluable aid in meeting such questions as: how are wage rates determined, according to the analyses of the economists; or why do the Socialists hold that American capitalism is in its final stage, about to collapse in an orgy of inflation, or to come to a complete paralysis because of the maladjustment of prices one to the other?

Or again, the enterpriser finds here in a few readable pages, keyed down almost to the level of a well-dined radio audience, the explanation of value as based primarily on the utility or demand factors in the market place in contrast to the executives' worship of cost as the principal force in price determination. That the depressions, recessions, and subnormal "boomlets" of the recent past have shaken the business man's naive faith in cost as the sole basis for price, may well be seen in the current debates on the practicability of price controls backed by such childish devices as the Feld-Crawford Act.

Another use for Professor Ferguson's book lies in the opportunity it offers the general reader to choose economic writers for further study. Keynes, for example, has been widely discussed of late, yet how many readers of the "Current Concentrate" or the "Dime Distillate" know the reason for this prominence? In one paragraph (pages 261-262) this question is answered.

Finally, the harassed instructor in university courses in the development of economic principles has now a concise introduction to his subject, and an excellent basis for reference to the works of the leading contributors in the field.

This book may be criticized by the general reader for the multiplicity of references to economists important only to graduate students cramming for a final examination. Then, too, the frequent use of the straddle phrase "more or less" is a concession to scholarship that seems out of place in a survey, such as the rich panorama painted by Dr. Ferguson.

GEORGE K. MCCABE.

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Briefer Mention

King George VI, by Hector Bolitho. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.00. To Americans accustomed to intimate biographical revelations nothing could seem quainter than this tribute to the present-day Albert the Good. Handsomely illustrated it glows faintly over the worthiness of British royalty generally, the homely virtues of King George and pale glints of humor that would long since have been forgotten if uttered by anyone else. The tone is reverential throughout.

Katrina, by Sally Salminen. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50. This low-pitched but triumphant history of a mother who had spiritual wisdom forced upon her by a hard life, with the vivid and sad interrelated stories of her family, is a sort of Baltic "Good Earth," on the scale of Finland and without worry over its authenticity. The author, writing while a housemaid in America, creates solid atmosphere, very peasant and generally tragic.

My Wales, by Rhys Davies. New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company. $2.50. A pleasant and accurate description of modern life in this small, vigorous, Old World nation where the people are seldom bored, where attempts at grandeur are few, and where the Gaelic simplicity of character and sense of wonder is over all. Fifteen illustrations.

Literary Opinion in America; edited by Morton Dauwen Zabel. New York: Harper and Brothers. $3.25. This valuable anthology of fifty American critical essays of the past twenty years attempts to show the conditions under which critics have written about modern literature and the problems they have faced during that unstable period.

CONTRIBUTORS

Rev. Hugh McCarron, S.J., is the author of "Realization."

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